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NATIONAL REVIEW

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October 11, 1958

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

The Horrible Proposals of J. K. Galbraith

COLIN CLARK

We Move into the Soviet Trap

JAMES BURNHAM

Rippling Creek Club v. U.S.A.

THE SUPREME COURT, A. D. 1973

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

HUGH KENNER · FRANK CHODOROV · WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

FRANK S. MEYER · FRANCIS RUSSELL · C. L. MORSE

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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For the Record

Some inside facts on Nixon's blast at the State Department release of figures on the Matsu-Quemoy mail. It followed an adverse confidential report Mr. Nixon received on two men appointed to high-level desks in the Department this last month. Secretary Dulles, who has never concerned himself with personnel or administrative affairs, will "review" the two appointments. . . . The government has announced that it is getting out of the helium business as recommended in the Hoover Report.

Veteran American Communist Anna Louise Strong is back in Peiping as a guest of the "Chinese People's Association for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries". . . . A national women's organization is circulating post cards for mailing to the White House if and when Matsu and Quemoy are abandoned to the Reds. The cards bear one word only: "Shame." . . . Western trade with the satellites, which rose sharply after Suez, has fallen back to pre-'56 levels in the past few months.

Sources who should know insist that the CIA has been supporting Fidel Castro in Cuba. . . . United Nations press reporters rate Canada's Lester Pearson and India's Krishna Menon the two most vigorous salesmen of recognition of Red China.

Labor leaders and other sponsors of Senator John F. Kennedy are worried over the fact that he ran 7,000 votes behind reportedly unpopular Governor Furcolo in the recent Massachusetts primary. . . . A demagogic gesture which fell flat: the "nomination" of Harry S. Truman as the Democratic Presidential candidate by New York's Governor Harriman in a campaign speech in Albany. Considering that Truman was sitting on the speakers' platform the answering applause was so scattered as to be impolite. . . . The latest New Jersey polls show Republican Kean ahead of his ADA opponent Williams. Republicans now believe they will retain the seat which retiring Senator Smith (slated to become Ambassador to NATO) held for years.

New York GOP leaders have received reports that many Republicans intend to cross party lines and vote the Democratic ticket. Reason: 1) a desire to support the elements of the Democratic Party that are making a fight this year against the ADA and the Liberals, and which brought about the nomination of Frank Hogan for Senator and Peter Crotty for Attorney General; 2) distrust of Nelson Rockefeller.

The WEEK

● A lot of us, reading certain news stories about Secretary Dulles' press conference last week, suffered an initial shock, accompanied by the flash behind the eyes that occurs when we are sandbagged. Mr. Dulles, the stories clearly implied, was retreating from his China stand. There were some direct quotes, rather artfully excerpted and slanted, to point up that impression. Then we read the State Department's official text of the newsmen's questions and the Secretary's answers. The discrepancy between the slanted news stories and Mr. Dulles' position, as it emerges from the official text, is about as wide as the Formosa Strait. Mr. Dulles handled himself adroitly at his news conference. He answered leading (even entrapping) questions, patiently, simply, clearly. And he did *not* retreat. What he did succeed in doing was to put himself, publicly and clearly, in a position which leaves him free to move as reality necessitates, free to maneuver flexibly at need, and to take advantage quickly of such freedom in dealing with the Communists. His is a stance firm-centered in order to be free-swinging; for, in the nature of maneuver, it cannot nail itself down in advance. But, as of this writing, in our opinion, Mr. Dulles has not given ground.

● In November there will be the first electoral test of a new adjunct to the spreading right-to-work campaign: "freedom to hire." The voters of Arkansas will decide whether to adopt a measure designed to prevent featherbedding, that cynical abuse of labor's organized power that so blatantly conflicts with technical progress, economic health, and the moral dignity that attaches to honest work. The proposed bill would authorize the state courts to issue injunctions to block any coercion of employers to hire unneeded employees. It is hardly necessary to add that the measure is being bitterly fought by the union bosses.

● Addressing the convention of the American Bankers Association, Secretary of the Treasury Robert B. Anderson scolded the nation's "private investment institutions" for failing to give "aggressive assistance in the Treasury financing job." The drop in the market price of its securities the past year has forced the Treasury to pay a rapidly increasing interest rate to borrow money. The cause, Mr. Anderson declared, is the unpatriotic refusal of the savings banks, savings and loan associations, pension funds and insurance companies to purchase their proper share of Treasury bonds and notes. Holy smoke! Can Mr. Anderson believe what he says? The facts are simple. The investment institutions figure that buying unlimited amounts of Mr. Anderson's paper is not the most sensible way to protect the savings of their depositors and policy holders. If he will give them reason to believe that, when his bonds are due, they will be redeemed with the same kind of dollars that went into their purchase, he will find them clamoring at his door. It is a little tactless of the Secretary of the Treasury of an Administration that expects a ten-billion-dollar deficit this year to scold the people for doing what little they can to protect themselves against the Administration's ravages.

● The Secretary of the Air Force has made statements concerning the development of intercontinental ballistic missiles that we have reason to believe faithfully represent the government's information: 1) The United States has not yet successfully fired an ICBM over a full 5,000 mile range; 2) during the past year, the Soviet Union has fired "several" ICBMs at full range; 3) the Soviet Union will probably have a few ICBMs, able to carry nuclear warheads, operational next year, and a considerable number in 1960; 4) the United States expects to have an operational squadron of Atlas ICBMs, able to carry nuclear warheads, some time during 1959.

● The State of Indiana, which has forthrightly refused to accept a nickel from the federal government to subsidize Indiana science students, recently undertook a survey designed to locate needy high school seniors who had special aptitudes in science and mathematics. Fifty-three students were spotted who qualified on the two counts of special ability and lack of financial resources. Forty-three of the fifty-three have just entered Purdue, Earlham, Wabash and other local colleges with the help of state *loans*. Of the ten remaining students, seven decided their family resources were sufficient to carry them for a first year of college; one has received an appointment to the General Electric Institute; one was selected for the General Motors Institute (tuition paid); and one has postponed entering college for a year in order to farm. The whole story of what Indiana has done to take care of its own needy science aspirants is the most salutary sort of retort to those who insist that only Washington can solve the problem of assuring higher education for gifted but indigent youngsters.

● The Pentagon has leaked the presumably authentic report that Thor has been chosen over Jupiter to go into quantity production as our intermediate range ballistic missile. Beyond the technical military problem there have been multiple stakes in this years-long battle between the two well-named hurlers of

nuclear thunder and lightning: billion-dollar contracts; Air Force (Thor) *vs.* Army (Jupiter); and by no means least, the bolder, production-minded ways of private enterprise (in this case Douglas Aircraft, which developed Thor) against the dragging ways of government (in this case the Army's tape-entangled, responsibility-ducking arsenal system, which developed Jupiter). The Army's development group, under the scientific direction of Wernher von Braun, includes many able and dedicated men. But we feel it appropriate that this formidable new weapon, that will strengthen the physical defense of freedom, is the product of freedom's method.

● Since the question of dealing with the problem of labor racketeering will be with Congress again next year, the considered epitaph of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce on what will soon be "last year's" Kennedy-Ives Bill is worth recording. Says the C. of C.: "The Kennedy-Ives Bill had two kinds of defects: 1) It dealt weakly and timidly with the racketeering problem; 2) It imposed serious and unnecessary penalties on employers on matters having nothing to do with racketeering or corruption in unions." The comment will be useful when the inevitable attempt is made in 1959 to bring the Kennedy-Ives "powder puff" provisions back from the dead.

● Dr. Fred L. Whipple, director of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Laboratories—a key installation in our satellite and space program—is just back from a 23-day Soviet tour. A "run-around" is what Dr. Whipple reports he got when after "great efforts and many requests" he tried to peek at Soviet satellite computing centers or equipment. He understood that Soviet rocketry is very good, but: "We saw none of the installations." In fact: "We saw none of the operations except the moon watch program, which is copied directly from ours at the Smithsonian Observatory." Cultural exchange, Soviet style.

● At its annual convention, just finished at Torquay, Britain's Liberal Party plunged lower than even the most pessimistic had a right to expect. In an atmosphere described by the sober London *Times* as "11-plus hysteria," even free trade, the great historical standby of the Liberal Party, went down to defeat. In a crude attempt to outbid the Socialists, the Liberals demanded bigger government subsidies for virtually everyone. On foreign policy the cue came from Colonel Geoffrey Taylor, who parroted the Kremlin nuclear line closely enough to make an Aneurin Bevan blush (the United States and Britain "are continuing nuclear tests in the knowledge that they lead to increased leukemia, bone cancer, and deformity in children everywhere. The people—mainly children—who are already dying from the tests number up to 120,000. An estimated ten million people will be killed during the next five or six generations.") By a vote of 900 to 30, a resolution was adopted calling on the British and American governments to stop nuclear tests at once, and cease the manufacture of H-bombs.

● The *Butcher Workman* (official organ of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters of America) has come out in favor of a summit meeting with Nikita Khrushchev and in the following prime language: "It is understandable that the West would have preferred to have had the idea originate with them instead of with the head of world Communism. But such is life. Hidebound by its own inhibition and tethered by its own limitations, the West 'muffed the ball,' and Mr. Khrushchev, always on the prowl for 'good pickings' or openings to redden the face of Eisenhower, Macmillan, Dulles, and the rest, seized it and dashed off with it."

● We look forward to the emergence of the new Americans for Constitutional Action as an effective instrument of conservative pressure in national affairs. The organization is headed by three men of impeccable character and high intelligence, two of them Republicans and one a Democrat. Admiral Ben Moreell was formerly head of Jones & Laughlin Steel, and his accomplishments, military, commercial, administrative and intellectual, are legion; Mr. H. W. Prentis, Jr. is Chairman of the Board of Armstrong Cork and for years has shown a productive interest in the theory of freedom; former Governor (Democrat) Charles Edison of New Jersey is among the elder statesmen of the nation. We note that Campaign for the 48 States, of Memphis, has voted to coordinate its efforts with those of ACA, as has We The People, of Chicago. We hope other right-wing organizations will do likewise, and that there will evolve a serious and effective lobby for freedom.

● Norman Cousins, editor of the *Saturday Review* and leading advocate of the disarmament of his country in the name of Man-in-the-Abstract, is cross as can be at United Air Lines for having finally decided against embellishing its fleet of airplanes with United Nations emblems. Breathing fire, Mr. Cousins sent back to United his "million-mile courtesy card," charging that the company's "policy concerning the UN is being guided by public protest." (It goes without saying that, for the sake of the prestige of the UN, any high-minded business worth its salt should be ready to block the wishes of the public—that is, its customers.) And Mr. Cousins has typed a ferocious editorial for his magazine to prove that United was "bullied out of its conviction by a few sharp voices." Sharp *and* clear, say we.

Is There a Road Ahead?

The overwhelming vote by which metropolitan France and all but one of her associated overseas territories approved the new constitution—or, rather, the leader who sponsored the new constitution—marked the end of an era in French history. The next months will show whether it also began another: that is, whether the French nation has a future as well as a past.

What ended with the September 28 plebiscite was the system that emerged from the war, the defeat and the occupation: a system that by the deliberate design of the Communists, the collusion of the left, the sterility of the center, and the naiveté of the Anglo-Saxon liberators, guaranteed the impotence of France. France has proved by these thirteen self-defeating years that there is no longer what Europeans call "an opening to the left"—*except* the broad gateway into Communism. Postwar France was the most complete and most concentrated expression of "the left" in its political, social and spiritual dimensions—a left within which tolerance of Communists, who alone possessed coherence and direction, had to be a prime assumption. In May of this year France found herself at the end of the leftward road.

She drew back, and called on her last reserve, on the one leader who had never accepted the system, and who had quietly waited until his countrymen should learn from experience what he had foreseen.

The vote of the constitution solves nothing; it signifies merely that General de Gaulle must now begin to find solutions. Before the vote, de Gaulle could not even begin. He had come into office on the plea of the party chiefs of that very system which he had repudiated, and which had just finished collapsing in ignominy. The huge *Yes* of the plebiscite frees him from any dependence on the old parties, and shifts the base of his authority to the French nation at large. Until this shift was accomplished, he could not act—on the great questions of Africa, European integration, internal Communism, the domestic economy. And now he must act.

Nuclear Schizophrenia

The deep, schizoid split that has riven our military policy ever since Hiroshima was illuminated last week when Mr. James Douglas, Secretary of the Air Force, addressed the Air Force Association in Dallas. The original text of Mr. Douglas' speech, prepared for press distribution, contained two critical paragraphs which 1) asserted the presence of nuclear arms in the Formosa area, and 2) implied our intention to use them if it became necessary, in defense of Quemoy and Formosa. The State Department rushed forward and ordered the paragraphs cut out. There was still another reversal, at the last minute: the paragraphs were restored, and Mr. Douglas went ahead and spoke them.

The sequence has been very thoughtfully studied by Soviet intelligence, needless to say. Since Hiroshima, the first and supreme objective of Soviet political warfare has been to counter our nuclear weapons by paralyzing our will to use them. Elsewhere in this issue, James Burnham comments on the October 31 suspension prospect, the major triumph in a brilliantly executed campaign. Another, that could be even more decisive, is suggested by the Dallas incident. If fighting starts in the Formosa-Amoy region, the use of tactical nuclear weapons to destroy the Communist air bases, gun emplacements and supply routes is clearly indicated. The advantages over conventional arms are too obvious to enumerate. Moreover, the best means of discouraging the enemy's aggressions is the certitude of prompt and decisive retaliation.

The Communist blackmail has combined with the neuroses that possess so many of our intellectuals to turn the problem of nuclear weapons upside down. In our hands the possession of these weapons is an occasion not for guilt, but for relief and rejoicing. With them beside us, we have the means to defend freedom, if we have the will.

How Loyal an Opposition?

The conduct of our own Democratic Party in the Quemoy crisis, like that of Britain's Labor Party over Suez, suggests that "the loyal opposition" may have to join other fine old phrases in the semantic dustbin. In a democratic society it is natural and proper that the opposition should state its views contrary to the prevailing course, and take political advantage of the government's mistakes and troubles. It is neither natural nor responsible nor in the long run compatible with the survival of any society if the opposition, in the face of mortal danger, aims solely to divide, embitter and paralyze the nation.

Our sailors and airmen are indeed poised on the brink in Formosa Strait. Their orders are to fire if fired on, to pursue a hostile Communist plane to its lair, to sink a Communist ship that approaches with questionable intent. If the enemy's shooting challenge continues, their orders will be—must be—to bomb the gun emplacements and airfields on the mainland; and after that, their orders no man can yet foresee.

This is the reality. Confronting this reality, Dean Acheson, Senators Wayne Morse, Theodore Green and Robert Humphrey, George Kennan, Adlai Stevenson and ex-Senator Herbert Lehman—every

leading Democratic spokesman with the sole conspicuous exception of Harry Truman, whose patriotic heart takes priority in a crisis over his ideologically addled head—parrot the arguments that the Kremlin feeds to appeasers. To those who may be about to die, the joint Democratic message declares, in Mr. Lehman's version: "Our policy [*our* policy!] threatens to destroy the peace of the world. . . . The presence of Chiang's fighting forces on Quemoy and Matsu is an open provocation to Red China. . . . We should use all our influence not to defend the islands, but to secure [Formosa's withdrawal]. . . . Not a single American life should be sacrificed for the defense of Quemoy and Matsu [which] involves neither moral nor legal principle nor American interest. The only objective is a saving of face for Gen. Chiang."

"Not a single American life"—that is the repeated Democratic refrain as our sailors and airmen prepare to do battle, not over Quemoy of course, which is only an accidental symbol, but for our survival against the world enemy who wonders whether now may not be his chance to move in for the kill.

The Law of the Land

Just before leaving for a big-game safari in Africa, Budget Director Maurice Stans announced that the Administration intended to "withhold" about two billion dollars of the defense funds voted by Congress. Mr. Stans was stating, in plain words, that the Executive is bent on disobeying the law of the land. Under the Constitution, a congressional appropriation is a law. By explicit clauses, the Constitution gives to Congress, not to the Executive, the authority "to raise and support armies. . . . to provide and maintain a navy. . . . to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces."

In its defiance of the law, the Eisenhower Administration—not for the first time—follows an example first set by President Truman when he brazenly impounded the funds voted by Congress for additional B-36 bombers. But the Executive now goes beyond the early and illegal model by proposing not merely to hold back funds for certain armament, but to reduce Army and Marine manpower below the levels that Congress fixed by due statute.

In the storm of protest that at once arose, Defense Secretary McElroy (hearing the rumble of the Red China guns over his shoulders?) issued a hasty announcement that "nothing had been finally decided." But the question is not merely whether the added arms and men are "needed," *but who is to decide whether they are needed.* Under the modern—bipartisan—Constitution, it would appear that the law of the land, in military as in educational affairs, is decreed by Court and Chief Executive.

An Evaluation of the Senators

The *New Republic* has carefully computed the Liberal-ness of the 96 Senators by reference to their votes during the past year on ten issues. Without a single exception, the *New Republic's* picture of the Complete Liberal is of the man who voted, at every opportunity, to a) increase government spending, b) increase government power, or (preferably) both. Herewith the most constant Liberals; and their opposites. (An informal poll of NATIONAL REVIEW editors indicates we'd have voted against the *New Republic* on eight to nine counts.)

The New Republic's Ratings:

Excellent (100%)
Carroll (Colorado, D)
Douglas (Illinois, D)
Hennings (Missouri, D)
Humphrey (Minnesota, D)
Jackson (Washington, D)
Kennedy (Mass., D)
Morse (Oregon, D)
Pastore (Rhode Island, D)
Proxmire (Wisconsin, D)
Symington (Missouri, D)

Very, Very Good (90%)
Case (New Jersey, R)
Church (Idaho, D)
Clark (Pennsylvania, D)
Javits (New York, R)
Kefauver (Tennessee, D)
Mansfield (Montana, D)
McNamara (Michigan, D)
Magnuson (Washington, D)
Neuberger (Oregon, D)
Payne (Maine, R)

Very Good Indeed (80%)
Aiken (Vermont, R)
Green (Rhode Island, D)
Langer (North Dakota, R)
Yarborough (Texas, D)

Good (70%)
Hill (Alabama, D)
Johnson (Texas, D)
Monroney (Oklahoma, D)
Morton (Kentucky, R)
O'Mahoney (Wyoming, D)
Sparkman (Alabama, D)
Thye (Minnesota, R)
Wiley (Wisconsin, R)

Perfectly Dreadful (0%)
Curtis (Nebraska, R)
Dworshak (Idaho, R)
Frear (Delaware, D)
Jenner (Indiana, R)
Russell (Georgia, D)
Thurmond (S.C., D)

Very, Very Bad (10%)
Bricker (Ohio, R)
Butler (Maryland, R)
Goldwater (Arizona, R)
Hickenlooper (Iowa, R)
Hruska (Nebraska, R)
Martin (Pennsylvania, R)
Schoeppel (Kansas, R)
Talmadge (Georgia, D)

Very Bad (20%)
Barrett (Wyoming, R)
Bible (Nevada, D)
Bridges (N. Hampshire, R)
Byrd (Virginia, D)
Eastland (Mississippi, D)
Martin (Iowa, R)
Mundt (South Dakota, R)
Robertson (Virginia, D)
Stennis (Mississippi, D)
Watkins (Utah, R)
Williams (Delaware, R)

Bad (30%)
Allott (Colorado, R)
Bennett (Utah, R)
Capehart (Indiana, R)
Carlson (Kansas, R)
Cotton (New Hampshire, R)
Dirksen (Illinois, R)
Ellender (Louisiana, D)
Ervin (North Carolina, D)
Hoblitzell (West Virginia, R)
Jordan (North Carolina, D)
Knowland (California, R)
Malone (Nevada, R)

Letter from Afar

Our African correspondent writes:

They ate the Rev. Sherman Adams last night. Of course, for months, it has been a dead certainty that they would; and one or two of us at the Club even laid small wagers (an inflated £ or two) on the date, which was the only point in question. It would certainly have come sooner, but for the rains, which, this year, have been interminable, and, in the past weeks, torrential. Last night there was a letup. Before you could say "Barbecue," they had the big iron ritual pot out of the Temple of the Crocodile (where they also keep their ghastly fetish), and the Rev. Mr. Adams out of the Black House (as they call the Paramount Chief's throne-room), and the old missionary—or what was left of him—into the pot. Don't ask me how they got a fire roaring under it when there seems nothing left to burn in our jungle world but rain-soaked mildew. In such matters, I have noticed before, savages seem every bit as resourceful as we are.

There followed the usual chanting of magical spells, imprecations, exorcisms by their witch doctors, and howling of responses by their hand-clapping public, foaming to hysteria as the tom-toms stepped up their beat. After that, on signal, came the traditional rush for the pot, and snatching and gobbling of choicer gobbets from the stew, resulting in the usual recriminations, and all ending after repletion (or spiritual exhaustion) in some almost American tribal dances. That is, if accounts of your rock and roll that reach us here in Africa are true.

Of course, I am simply a businessman, so, for me, it was a little on the boring side: one has seen so many cannibal feasts. Besides, Something *was* missing. Civilization *does* take its toll; but the restraint, or dampener, or whatever it was, was not, I think, due so much to the weeks of rain, as to the presence of the UN observer, who got up-river just in time to witness the fun. Awful little busybody called Hammerhead, or some such name, who sits, or so they tell me, for the Falkland Islands in the General Assembly. He ate nothing (a grave breach of manners on these occasions). What is worse, all through the ceremony, he had his notebook and camera out. And while we may be savages, and sometimes incline to make a virtue of it, we don't like this kind of thing getting about recklessly, and coloring what the Falkland Islanders think of us.

They say that, if it had been anything but a gold nose-ring that the Rev. Adams accepted from Bwana Goldfa, they would never have got him into the pot. (F.y.i., Bwana Goldfa is a Syrian trader here, a great figure in the fiercely competitive loincloth market. For more on Syrian traders, read Graham Greene.) Now, the Rev. Adams, as the Old Chief's missionary counselor, had made himself the obsessive opponent of gold nose-rings. It was precisely against gold nose-rings that he preached some of his most moving sermons. Moreover, he had an embarrassing habit of snatching and examining other people's noses on the mere suspicion of tattletale ring-marks on them. So when the Opposition came on a nose-ring among the Rev. Adams' personal possessions ("From Bwana with love"), the effect was not so much joy or sorrow, as a great surprise. The Rev. Adams took sanctuary in the Temple of the Crocodile, and, clinging to the fetish for months, mutely defied the witch doctors to pry him loose. The Old Chief pled that he could not even keep the Black House swept without the Rev. Mr. Adams to hand him the broom. The witch doctors simply kept pointing to the nose-ring. As theater, it was masterly; and the crowning touch came the day after the feast.

On the way to the cauldron, the missionary had uttered a few exculpatory words. Promptly, the No. 1 Witch Doctor (or, as *you* would say, Chairman of the Opposition's National Committee) rose to rebut. He remarked that the kind of feast that they had just celebrated, however gratifying to ingestion, must never be taken in a spirit of shallow hedonism. "The best of barbecues," he said in a memorable period, "is a bothersome business. And, of course, there is a scruple, a vestige from the dark past, that no public servant of either party likes to form the main course on such occasions. Yet how feeble such sentiments appear beside the overriding consideration that it was only by eating the Rev. Adams that the ends of higher morality could be served or served up!" Hence no blame whatever attached to the Opposition. They had merely fanned the flames. The real sin lay in the fact that the Paramount Chief and his warriors had not eaten the Rev. Adams themselves. As he was speaking, I could not help thinking that, with the addition of a top hat, in the States the No. 1 Witch Doctor might have been taken for an undertaker's assistant, enacting a charade that stood for: pious fraud. There are times when I rather despair of Africa.

Yet to despair of Africa is to despair of the future. They are asking here: "Where else, once the rest of the world has vaporized itself with its bombs and missiles, is civilization to survive if not in the jungle?" That is, if our jungles survive civilization. So I take heart by glancing out at the modernistic structure of the national bank (they call it The Fund For The Republic), soaring five floors above the Old Chief's hutment with its old-fashioned, serpentine fence of leg-bones. Here, at least, is Progress. But I must close. For a native runner has just panted in to report that, with the rain's end, the Krushchas and Mau-tsetse, fierce tribes to the east, are raiding for heads and slaves as far as the coast. Another job for Hammerhead, I suppose.

The Commander-in-Chief Awaits His Orders

Article I, Section 8

The Congress shall have power . . .

11. To declare war . . .

12. To raise and support armies . . .

14. To make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces.

Article II, Section 2:

1. The President shall be Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States.

Constitution of the United States of America

"The United States will in any event abide by a determination of the United Nations General Assembly that action taken or assistance furnished by the United Nations makes the continued presence of United States forces in Lebanon unnecessary for the maintenance of international peace and security."

Official Declaration by United States Secretary of State Dulles to Dag Hammarskjold, Secretary General of the United Nations, August 18, 1958

Note carefully the exact wording. The military operations of a significant portion of the armed forces of the United States will be controlled not by the constitutional Commander-in-Chief acting under the laws enacted by the constitutional legislature in the national interest, but *"in any event"*—that is, without qualification or condition—"by a determination of the United Nations General Assembly." An Assembly, note in passing, where the United States has exactly the same number of votes (one) as Albania, Nepal, Yemen, Laos or Ghana.

Will we then also "abide by a determination of the United Nations General Assembly" when it instructs us to dismantle our air and missile bases, junk our nuclear weapons, and sink our Navy? And if not, why not, granted the proposition that the United Nations Charter replaces the Constitution of the United States?

Mr. Carey Proves a Point

The behavior of James Carey, Secretary of the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, helps to prove that no really big union can be a good union.

The General Electric manufacturing empire is a vastly decentralized one, as befits any giant company which is in the business of turning out a "product mix" that ranges from atomic equipment and big turbines to electric toasters. Naturally, under extreme decentralization, the aims, mood and personality of union locals will differ. Apparently more than a third of Mr. Carey's members are against striking GE if no agreement on the union's demand for a guaranteed annual wage is reached; at least such would seem to be the conclusion to be drawn from Mr. Carey's threat to force a change in the union rule which now requires a two-thirds approval of a strike call.

Since Mr. Carey can't get a strike approval without altering the rules in midstream, it is obvious that there are differences of opinion in his union that should be respected. Yet here we have Mr. Carey insisting that everybody in his organization stand or fall on the guaranteed annual wage issue. GE's counterproposal of an employee savings plan is arbitrarily dismissed.

Here we have the modern union problem in all its nakedness: the individual worker in a big union has no ground from which to wage his fight if the majority goes against him. There are anti-trust laws to keep GE itself from conniving with Westinghouse Electric, say, to rig the electric toaster market. Yet what is there to protect the Bridgeport GE worker who might prefer an employee savings plan to a guaranteed annual wage that could prove an economic boomerang in his community, even if it were practicable in distant Louisville or Schenectady? Nothing at all, if Mr. Carey has his way.

If Only Everybody Could Be Like Schlesinger (!)

Arthur Schlesinger Jr. says some Democrats have a Death Wish. He means Democrats who disagree with him, there being few crimes more heinous than that, as anyone who knows Arthur Schlesinger Jr. will tell you, or even AS Jr. himself. Mr. Schlesinger's point is this: the Democrats have a monopoly on brains equivalent to the Republican monopoly on money (!); and the rejection of such brains as Dilworth of Pennsylvania, Finletter of New York, and Bowles & Benton of Connecticut, in favor of such hacks as Lawrence, Hogan, and Dodd is—well, positively anti-Schlesinger.

Most everyone who counts agrees with Schlesinger as to the basic propositions, and the discussion seems to have come down in the pages of the *New Republic* to the question: how are we Democratic brains going to a) prevail over the mob, and b) keep the mob happy enough to vote for us? That is a serious problem, says Gerald W. Johnson, the Baltimore sage and friend of mankind. "I accept Mr. Schlesinger's thesis that as the prime resource of the Republican Party is money, that of the Democratic Party is brains, but." "But" has to do with Johnson's thesis that the mob's self-identification with the Demo-

cratic Party is a pretty good thing when you stop to think of it. "The liberals ought not to bemoan the fact that the unintelligent are on the move. After all, they are like the grasshoppers for number, and that counts on election day." The grasshopper vote is just plain needed by the Democrats, and let Professor Schlesinger bear that in mind.

We intend to explore statistically, some time in the near future, the maxim that the Republican rather than the Democratic Party is the Party of money; and see if once and for all we can't lay that Big Lie. As for the second premise of the dialogue: we say that whatever it is you want to call what Schlesinger and Johnson have got, it does not equal Brains, *if* Brains equals Fitness for Public Office. The Brains rode it over the land for twenty years, and: well, we talk nowadays about the whole world coming to an end!

To the extent the Democrats succeed in identifying Brains and their Party, they further the anti-intellectualism they deplore. Except in those grasshoppers.

As the Communist Twig is Bent

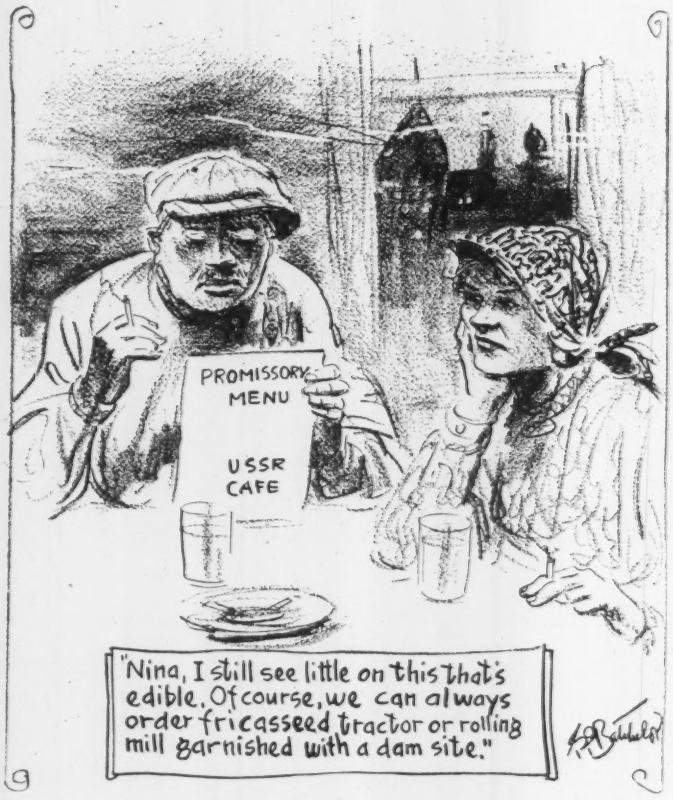
The Soviet educational system, which seems to be less admired in Moscow than in New York, is plunged into the turmoil of one more of many successive reorganizations. The leader of this new revision is G. I. Zelenko, whose claim to academic authority appropriately rests on his position as chief of the Soviet "Labor Reserve Commission."

Commissar Zelenko proposes that the basic education for Soviet youth shall be an eight-year elementary course. Thereafter most students are to be pulled out of school for good, and sent—for the rest of their lives—to farm or factory. (For two or three years they will be able to take a few high-school courses—in "practical" subjects and Party doctrine—at night.)

Those students who find favor in Party eyes through special qualifications (among which 100 per cent political "reliability" and sound Party parents may be presumed to take priority over mathematics and Latin) will move on to middle and upper levels. The cream will be siphoned off to the top institutions that train the Bolsheviks destined for the ruling echelons.

Part of Zelenko's objective is open enough. He has got to get a faster production of human raw material to make good the Soviet labor shortage that has been chronic since the war. He is offering as a solution an educational policy that will shape the mass of the Soviet population into semi-skilled serfs, permanently fixed—like the Russian serfs of old—in their servile status. In place of the counts and boyars, their lords this time will be a privileged caste trained as a rigid, mandarin elite.

There is plenty wrong with our own system of education, heaven knows; but we had perhaps better look again before we follow the fashionable post-Sputnik exhortations to ape the Soviet model.


PROMISSORY MENU
USSR CAFE
"Nina, I still see little on this that's edible. Of course, we can always order fricasseed tractor or rolling mill garnished with a dam site."

The Question of The Question

By a shrewd current campaign, the Communists are once more proving their ability to exploit our "communications industry" as a prime instrument of the revolution. The New York firm of George Braziller recently brought out a small book called *The Question,* translated from a French text. The leading book review media gave *The Question* prominent and favorable notice, and the book stores are pushing it.

The Question is a professional, skillfully designed weapon of Communist propaganda, just that and nothing more. Purportedly it is an account by one Henri Alleg—arrested in Algiers on June 12, 1957, and said still to be imprisoned there—of tortures inflicted on him by French paratroopers. It was allegedly written without his jailers catching on, somehow, and somehow smuggled out. All this is possible, but neither we nor anyone else who has discussed this book have any way of knowing whether any part of Alleg's account is true, or even whether Alleg did in fact write the text.

What we do know is that Alleg is introduced to us by his publisher as "the editor of *Alger Républicain*. . . , the only daily which printed all aspects of Algerian democratic and national opinion"—when in truth Alleg is a disciplined French Communist, and his newspaper an active organ of Communist treachery against France. We know by reading it that the introduction to *The Question*, written by Jean-Paul Sartre, is one of the typical "existentialist" screens by which Sartre has so often covered Soviet crimes. We know that both Sartre's introduction and Alleg's narrative are ideologized on every page in strict accord with the Communist line on Algeria. We know that though Sartre and Alleg pretend to be crusading against torture in general, they mention only the tortures of the Gestapo and the French, with not a word for the black record of Soviet torture or the unspeakable tortures that the Algerian terrorists visit on their fellow Moslems as well as on the French settlers and soldiers. And we know further that by its distortion of context, its studied omissions and its emotive load of Communist ideas, *The Question*—even granted the truth of its personal narrative—will mislead unwary American readers, and foster attitudes that can serve only Soviet interests.

We are not going to cleanse the world of the bestial practice of deliberate torture by joining hands with those of Communist murderers. In such a cause our allies are not the liar, subverter and traitor, Henri Alleg, and his Kremlin masters, but Charles de Gaulle and André Malraux, who have recently called on Nobel Prize winners Roger Martin du Gard, François Mauriac and Albert Camus to conduct an open inquiry into all charges of torture, by either side, in Algeria.

Our Contributors: COLIN CLARK ("The Horrible Proposals of Mr. Galbraith"), Professor of Economics at Oxford, is also Director of Research of the Econometric Institute, Inc. Professor Clark has made a name for himself as an economic forecaster. In *The Economics of 1960*, written before Pearl Harbor, he predicted the long postwar boom. Later he predicted the American slump of 1954 and the 1957 recession. Among his books are *Critique of Russian Statistics* and *Welfare and Taxation*.

NATIONAL REVIEW takes great pleasure in announcing that Mr. Peter Crumpet has joined the staff as a Contributor. Mr. "Crumpet" is a young free lance writer, two of whose novels are doing the rounds of the publishers. A graduate of Yale, Peter Crumpet lives with his family in Spain, where he wrote recently his memorable piece "Spain Is Not an Office" [July 19, 1958].

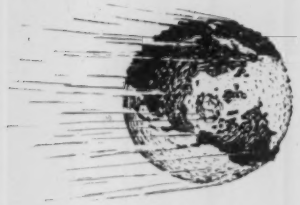
I do not know how many people gratefully knew, or knew of, Virginia Freedom—Mrs. Leon Freedom—who died in Baltimore recently. Thousands, I should think, though she never made sensational headlines.

I remember vividly our first encounter. It was shortly before the first Hiss trial. In a Baltimore department store, my wife and I became aware that someone was staring at us—a handsome woman, somewhat in the Valkyrie style. Then the Valkyrie asked shyly: "Mr. C?" I conceded, and she said: "I must talk to you." Oblivious of jostling shoppers, the stranger talked. Her tale was of skulduggery on high, purporting to show how matters were being rigged against me. There was indeed mischief afoot, and she had come on traces of it.

That was Virginia Freedom's way. Her sources of information were sometimes surprising. She had been a newspaperwoman (traces of the ordeal lingered in certain easy oddities of speech). To an uncommon intelligence, she united an almost inexhaustible memory, a volcanic zeal in research and a wide-ranging political interest (geopolitics was almost her undoing). She put them all into the service of fighting Communism. During the high days of the anti-Communist hearings, Mrs. Freedom (and a few friends) constituted themselves a kind of gadfly squad, erupting into legislative offices, and even into the Senate dining room, to exhort weary law workers, to supply background, leads and guidance. She was mistress of a good-natured sarcasm, and her accounts (with gestures) of Senator Needless To Name and Congressman You Know Who, being bemused by the simpler complexities of revolution, were often side-splitting. (It was also possible to feel a certain compassion for the encircled legislators.)

I used sometimes to think of Mrs. Freedom as Thurber's heroine, with the shotgun across her knees, saying: "There isn't going to be any revolution!" Certainly not, if Virginia Freedom could stop it. She was a rallying force, and her energy had a rush and momentum that swept others along and kept them going in the worst of times. Yet, in careful sum-up, she could no more deceive herself about political realities than about political people. So she had, in reflective moments, a very sober view of the odds in the East-West conflict and the predicament of the American Right. But there was nothing cheerless about her. Fun burst into any room she entered, and continued, playing, sometimes hilariously, sometimes searchingly, over whatever she was girding at. A bigness, range and jollity of mind that seemed simply a superflux of that teeming energy—that is how Virginia Freedom will be remembered.

Mrs. Freedom died of a heart attack—in her sleep, the sovereign boon. WHITTAKER CHAMBERS



We Move into the Soviet Trap

JAMES BURNHAM

The American public is unaware of the meaning, or even the nature, of the step that our government is preparing to take on October 31. Quemoy, Lebanon, Algeria: these are sideshows in relation to the act that is about to open in Geneva.

Our government has officially stated that: 1) beginning October 31, when a conference with Soviet representatives will open in Geneva, we will suspend tests of nuclear weapons for *at least* a year; 2) provided the Soviet Union maintains the ban it announced last spring, we will extend the suspension indefinitely; 3) *the first year's suspension will go into effect no matter what takes place at the Geneva negotiations.*

In reaching this fantastic decision, the Administration has yielded to a campaign of Soviet blackmail that has exerted its pressures through neutralist governments, foreign left-wing parties, irresponsible intellectuals like Bertrand Russell and Albert Schweitzer, and such native fall-out hysterics as are gathered in the Norman Cousins-Linus Pauling Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. The government, without a firm policy of its own, has yielded because there has been no significant counterpressure from domestic opinion. Although many leading Americans —soldiers, scientists, government officials, editors—understand the catastrophic significance of the test ban, they have failed, they have not in fact tried, either to inform or arouse the public.

What Happens When Tests End

Most people imagine that a test suspension is simple enough, and easily revocable. They do not realize that these tests are a gigantic enterprise, with installations worth hundreds of millons of dollars, and—besides the tens of thousands of temporary personnel—a staff of thousands of scientists and technicians slowly formed into an effective group. The test program must be projected years in advance, and each specific test series needs a year or more of special preparation. Suspending tests means to suspend this huge apparatus: where? how? How, and how soon, does this humpty-dumpty come together again if Moscow suddenly starts new tests up, or launches a major new aggression?

In the world struggle, the Soviet Empire possesses the interior position, more available manpower, larger conventional armament, and—as the aggressor—the economy gained by holding the strategic initiative. We can balance all that weight only if we maintain not just equality but superiority in weapons. Such superiority is a dynamic, not a static, relation. Yesterday's superior weapons are obsolete today. We can maintain weapons superiority only by a constant advance in weapons technology; and this can be assured only through tests.

It is assumed that there now exists a stalemate in strategic bombing capability by high yield megaton H-bombs. This means not that the two sides are equal in this capability (we are much superior) but that each believes the other to possess the capability of inflicting unacceptable strategic losses. Very well. And if so, it is not necessary, from a military standpoint, to conduct many more megaton tests—except perhaps of anti-missile missiles. It is these megaton tests that have produced most of the radioactive fallout.

But this "massive retaliatory power," though an element indispensable to our (and the West's) security, is altogether inadequate as a weapons system *for us.* We need to continue developing flexible, minimum or zero-fallout, nuclear weapons for a thousand tactical, limited and defensive purposes, together with the vehicles for delivering them and the troop organization to handle them. This is impossible without tests.

Our armed forces are *already* dependent on nuclear armament: the minimum manpower, "more bang for a buck" doctrine. If we permit that dependence to be narrowly based on megaton H-bombs (for massive retaliation), we lose all strategic flexibility. The retaliatory weapon is so dreadful and so certain to bring an answer in kind, that it cannot be used unless there is a threat of a scale and immediacy that the enemy will carefully avoid offering. We are not going to use H-bombs in connection with Lebanon or Quemoy. But in bombing the bases opposite Quemoy, we can and should use tactical nuclear weapons.

No Rest for the Weary

The proofs can go on. The defense of Western Europe requires more advanced nuclear weapons (including missiles), for the development of which we must conduct tests. We will not get effective underwater or intercontinental nuclear missiles without tests. No tests, no vigorous weapons development; no weapons development, no superiority; no superiority, no survival.

The Administration dreams that when we suspend the tests, the communist-socialist-neutralist-Pauling-Cousins & Co. campaign will let up and give us a psychic recess. The hope is naive. After such a victory the Kremlin will only triple its psychic pressure. Krushchev has already accused us of breaking the ban before it starts, by our proviso that we may test non-military devices. Within weeks he will be shouting about our deceptions. The cry for a pledge against any use of nuclear weapons, for liquidating the stockpiles, for neutral zones in every spot that bears on vulnerable Soviet regions, for withdrawal from all (Western) bases, ports, canals, for this and that and what not, will seep out the Kremlin tunnels into the mouths of Krishna Menon, Tito, Hugh Gaitskell, Mendès-France, Pauling, Cousins and Cyrus Eaton.

You'd think Mao Tse-tung's shells over Formosa Strait would be a loud enough alarm to knock us out of our daze.

(Reprints of this article are available at 15 cents each, 100 for $10.00. Address Department R, NATIONAL REVIEW, *150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.)*

The Horrible Proposals of Mr. Galbraith

The author of 'The Affluent Society' proposes a new order run by a New Class of planners; an order not to the taste of a leading Oxford economist

COLIN CLARK

Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, whom I have known for many years, was once described by one of his friends as being possessed of a "fatal fluency." His previous writings range from *American Capitalism—The Concept of Countervailing Power,* which is a real contribution to economic theory, to *The Great Crash, 1929,* a piece of vulgar journalism which jeers at the misfortune of those who lost their money, without attempting any but the most superficial analysis of the complex economic events of that period.

Professor Galbraith has now written a book on economics in an easy and lively style (albeit marred by a tendency to crude wisecracks) which is securing for him a very large audience. The book which is the subject of this review (*The Affluent Society,* Houghton, Mifflin, $5.00) is, strictly speaking, the responsibility of Professor Galbraith alone. But many of the points of view which it expounds are, I know, widely shared by the economic faculty at Harvard; and probably among many students and ex-students of that University. So I shall regard this book, to a considerable degree, as a collective responsibility.

An immense influence was exerted upon the younger teachers at Harvard, and hence upon succeeding generations of students, and of teachers in other universities, by Joseph Alois Schumpeter, who taught at Harvard from the mid 1930's to his death in 1950.

"Every Englishman loves a lord," the proverb says. It took something more subtle, however, to captivate Harvard. Schumpeter had grown up in the legendary world of the Emperor Franz Joseph, in pre-1914 Vienna. He had lived in the world of dashing young cavalry officers, fighting duels, visiting exotic Eastern cities; he had been nominated young to a professorship by the direct favor of the Emperor, and had married into an aristocratic English family and hunted foxes. In Austria after the First World War he had held Cabinet rank as Minister of Finance; and although it was only for a few months, during which he helped to preside over the complete collapse of his country's currency, he always afterwards looked down upon those whose approach to financial problems had not been seasoned by such experience.

All so different from the life of the ordinary Harvard professor and so fascinating. His ideas got ready hearing. Harvard men were mesmerized by Schumpeter's ideas, his personality, and his endless flow of talk. I met him once myself, in 1931, and on comparing notes with my friends I found that he had talked without intermission for three days. Some hours of his talk were devoted to an attempt to prove, before a learned assemblage, a clearly erroneous economic theory (he was attempting to deny the existence of increasing returns, except as a purely temporary phenomenon). One of his German colleagues once told me that he was known throughout the country as one who enjoyed dialectic for its own sake, without any serious interest in the conclusion reached.

I regard Schumpeter as an outstanding intellectual degenerate. His ideas have had, and will continue to have for a long time, an immense influence on American universities, and hence on informed American opinion; and an influence almost wholly bad.

Schumpeter did not call himself a Marxist. He was one of those who taught his students that Marx made many errors but that there was a great deal that was wise and good in him. Professor Galbraith, in this book, also takes this line, though not quite so emphatically. The idea of a free competitive economy, as described and advocated by Marshall and other classical economists, was to Schumpeter not merely an object of criticism, but of jeering and hatred.

"Nostalgia for the Past"

Professor Galbraith thinks the same way. He gives a clear and accurate, but unsympathetic description of the growth of the economic ideas of the free market, starting with Adam Smith. The idea of free enterprise certainly suffered from association with some of its advocates, particularly, in the period about 1860-1880, Herbert Spencer.

Those who believe in free enterprise, free competition and small business are accused by Galbraith of "nostalgia for the past"—one of the most emotive of all phrases in the jargon of present-day academic controversy. Professor Galbraith accepts the "Organization Man," with all his attendant dehumanization, without reserve. In future, he writes, new scientific and technical discoveries will come only from large organizations—he ignores the recent authoritative study by Professor Jewkes, which proves just the opposite.

Instead of relying upon competition and economic freedom, it is much better, Professor Galbraith teaches, to have the economy of the country run by powerful cartels and monopolies in the European style, protected by high tariffs.

It is my view that high tariffs and import restrictions, of which Professor Galbraith is a keen advocate, when imposed by a country as wealthy and powerful as the United States, crushing genuine attempts at free enterprise in much poorer and weaker countries, represent a new depth of meanness in politics.

The businessman, Schumpeter taught, is always inept in politics.

There is a good deal of truth in this assertion; though hardly in Schumpeter's conclusion, which was that the businessman really needs a higher class of hereditary aristocrats to hold power, in order to protect him.

Perhaps now we can better see the meaning of an ominous statement by Professor Hayek. Socialism in its revolutionary and radical forms, he said, was not nearly so dangerous as in its "conservative" form, when the advocates of state power, and well-established businesses, form an alliance.

The "New Class"

Professor Galbraith is more specific on this point. He describes and upholds—indeed this is the conclusion to which his book leads—a "new class." In its composition, in its priggish self-assurance, and in the scorn with which it looks down on the rest of mankind, Professor Galbraith's "new class" is ominously reminiscent of Orwell's *1984*. The "new class" is defined essentially as those to whom money is a secondary consideration, and whose real interests are essentially in the jobs which they are doing. So long as excessive claims are not made for it, this might be an interesting and useful classification. But Professor Galbraith does not seem to have the time, or the inclination, to develop his idea. He seems to be thinking primarily of his own profession, the teaching profession. When teachers leave their duties to take up other work because it is more highly paid, public opinion, he says, reacts unfavorably. Professor Galbraith is quite sincere here. When he left writing for *Fortune* to go to Harvard, he told me that an invitation to teach at Harvard was an honor which an American should accept if it offered him a salary as much as one quarter of that which he had previously been earning.

The "new class" is to represent a "class" in the full sociological meaning of the word, *i.e.*, something more than a group of men who follow similar occupations and live within similar ranges of income. They are to constitute also a group who will mix with each other, rather than with other people, for purposes of culture and recreation, will marry into each other's families, and will bring up their children to share their tastes and occupations.

In fact, Professor Galbraith is trying to sharpen the distinction between what used to be called "professions" and "trade." The whole idea is essentially English rather than American. The American tradition, at any rate since about 1870, has been against any attempt to draw social distinctions between professional and business men. American social distinctions have tended to be by income rather than by occupation.

But this is to be changed. If Professor Galbraith has his way, the next generation of Americans will build a society somewhat resembling that of Edwardian England, with its careful distinctions of class and education, which so fascinated Americans when depicted in *My Fair Lady*.

The "new class" will not, it is true, have quite the same characteristics as the Edwardian oligarchy. As Professor Galbraith points out, it is now customary for prominent men to enhance their reputation by building cow-byres, rather than the horse-stables of the Edwardians. The "new class" will of course be—Professor Galbraith takes it for granted, without discussion—the custodians, virtually the sole custodians, of culture.

While the England of King Edward VII represented one extreme, the America of McKinley, it is true, represented the opposite extreme—a world of self-made businessmen, philistine, indifferent to culture and education (though there were exceptions), and claiming the right to dominate society and politics. Surely the real task of the statesman is neither to recreate a McKinleyite America nor an Edwardian England, but to create a harmonious society in which businessmen and professional groups both have their due place, and each properly respects the other's contribution to society.

Professor Galbraith uses, or rather misuses the word "inflation," a misuse pardonable in a journalist, but not in a professor. The word means an expansion of the money supply. This generally leads to a rise in prices. But to apply the word "inflation" to any rise in prices, however caused, as is frequently done now, is to darken counsel. It conveys the impression that the supply of money is still the responsible factor, whereas, as Professor Galbraith himself points out, it can only play a secondary role. Professor Galbraith thinks that prices will inevitably continue to rise unless we deliberately create extensive unemployment. I do not think that this is true: but there is not space to debate it here. I think that the root cause of rising prices lies in excessive taxation: Professor Galbraith wishes to raise taxation still higher. He apparently sees no objection—and he quotes a passage from Professor Samuelson in his support—to legal controls on prices and wages. Professor Galbraith himself was in the Office of Price Administration during the war. His own experience should have taught him that, while it may be just possible to work such controls in war time, when public opinion is on your side, in peace time they are obviously impracticable.

More Public Services

We have examined the ends of Professor Galbraith—the creation of a "new class"—before his means, the "affluence" which gives the title to the book and which is described in the earlier chapters. The United States has by now, he claims, carried the production of wealth to a point where there is no serious need for any more goods of the kind which are sold commercially. All that is needed now is an expansion of the public services, and more leisure. The key passage in the book, which is certainly very well phrased, and will probably be widely quoted, describes the American family taking a tour in a "mauve and cerise, air-conditioned, power-steered, and power-braked automobile through cities that are badly paved, made hideous by litter, blighted buildings, [and] billboards . . . they picnic on exquisitely packaged food from a portable icebox by a polluted stream and go on to spend the night at a park which is a menace to public health and morals. Just before dozing off on an air mattress, beneath a nylon tent, amid the stench of decaying refuse, they may reflect vaguely on the curious unevenness of their blessings."

The facts so graphically here described are, in many regions, correct. But Professor Galbraith's solution—to collect further large sums in taxa-

tion, principally by sales tax, and to spend a great deal more money on the public services—is not. The cause of the evils which he describes is not lack of money for public services but, to speak plainly, the downright incompetence, not to mention corruption, of a large proportion of American politicians. Still more blameworthy are those businessmen who, in cities like Chicago, are perfectly prepared to make a deal with gangster-politicians, a more serious matter than evading their social responsibilities in such matters as keeping streams clear of pollution. And it is quite unfair to imply that America is worse than other countries in this respect. I could show Professor Galbraith many places of far greater squalor than that which he describes. And America can set an example to the world in the cleansing of a dirty old industrial city, as has been seen in Pittsburgh, when a statesman-like political leader and public-spirited businessmen can act together.

The American economy, Professor Galbraith says, goes on producing goods which the people do not really want, and which can only be disposed of through advertising.

Now on the morality of such advertising (a question which Professor Galbraith does *not* discuss) the position seems to be clear. The moral issue was aptly defined by Pope Pius XI in *Quadragesimo Anno,* when he wrote that he could hardly find words strong enough to condemn "those crafty men who, absolutely irrespective of whether their product is of any real use, do not hesitate to create a desire, in the hope of making a profit out of satisfying it."

This statement, it appears, condemns without qualification many of the most expensive and emotive forms of advertising, such as the advertising of cosmetics and cigarettes, while permitting the humbler and more truthful types of advertising practiced by retailers, who wish to draw attention to the new goods they have in stock, and by manufacturers who are sincerely convinced that they have something new and useful to offer.

I do not know the writings of Protestant moral theologians on this subject. But I should be surprised if they condoned advertising of the former type.

The type of men often collectively described as "Madison Avenue," advertising agents and the like, who pervert their by no means inconsiderable mental powers to designing catch-phrases and gimmicks, and to whom truth is a secondary consideration, are an evil element in the social body. Their influence in politics—which is increasing—has led to a great deal of superficiality and insincerity, for which a heavy price will have to be paid later. But while the harm done by such men in their own sphere is very real, this sphere

Professor Galbraith

is still limited. Some goods are undoubtedly sold through advertisers—or designers—taking steps to persuade people to buy what they do not really want, and what is of no real use to them. But the proportion which such goods—cosmetics, etc.—bear to the whole industrial output of the U.S.A. is very limited, and does not appear to be increasing. Professor Galbraith was unfortunate in his choice of automobiles as an example. Between the time his book was written and the time it was published, the American public had already shown perfectly clearly their resentment against designers and advertisers who tried to make them buy larger and flashier models which they did not want—they stopped buying them. In any case, in the fields where it is effective, the most that advertising probably does is to distort demand—persuading women to buy cosmetics rather than, say, furniture. It does not increase the total demand for goods.

Nor can we allow Professor Galbraith to get away with his contention that the American, through some defect in his economic organization, goes on producing more and more goods, which he does not really want, while what he really wants is more leisure. Of the increases in productivity up to the present time about one quarter, on the average, have been taken out in the form of shorter hours. If we make allowance for the earlier retirement and the longer schooling which now prevail, we have to conclude that nearly half of all past increases in productivity have been used to provide leisure rather than goods. This apportionment has been an expression of the genuine desires of the American people, not imposed on them by governments or employers. On the whole it seems a fairly sensible one.

We would do well to remember, in this connection, the story of the young university professor who was giving extension lectures in economics to trade unionists, and who wanted to find out whether they really preferred more goods or more leisure. So he took a poll of the class. All the unmarried men voted for more leisure, all the married men for more goods.

How to Spend More

A great deal more money, Professor Galbraith says, must be spent upon schools. It seems to me that the defects of American education spring from having too much money spent upon it rather than too little, and the lack of proper leadership (for which the universities must take the ultimate responsibility). In a country as wealthy as the United States parents could, under normal circumstances, pay fees for the education of their children, instead of expecting to have the schools supported by taxes. Or, if this proposal is considered to be going too far, let the state or local authority assist education by paying direct grants to parents, who can then spend them on educating their children at schools of their own choice. If this were done, I am satisfied that education would become much more effective and economical, as well as making better provision for religious instruction.

Another device suggested by Professor Galbraith for promoting leisure is to pay a graduated unemployment compensation which, under certain

(*Continued on p.* 255)

from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

An Open Letter to Ezra Taft Benson

Dear Ezra Benson:

You don't need to be told that this department holds you in great esteem for the long and pertinacious fight you have waged to reduce the dependence of the American farmer on federal handouts. In your six years in Washington you have put principle continuously to the fore despite some pretty obscene sniping at your policies, which means that you are one government servant in a million. Indeed, it would not be at all surprising if history were to judge you the most honorable figure of the whole Eisenhower era.

I know that in your case there is an inevitable conflict of two moralities. You believe quite manifestly in the natural law, or the divine law (call it what you will), that should be the foundation of all good positive, or "legal," law. Thus you know that taking money by force from one set of citizens to pay another set for not raising wheat or peanuts is plain thievery, the mark of the Robin Hoodlum State. It may be legal, but it's still as crooked as a corkscrew, and as a good Mormon it would naturally be your impulse to preach a sermon against it to the whole country from the top of the Washington Monument.

On the other hand, as a public official you are sworn to uphold the "legal" law of the land even if it involves making mincemeat of the Ten Commandments. If you were to tell your underlings to honor the crop-limitation regulations in the breach, Congress would most certainly have your scalp. You have to make your fight to take the American farmer from the "here" of a palpable government serfdom to the "there" of freedom without endangering your position as defined by your oath of office.

Inasmuch as no court has ever, to my knowledge, denounced the general legality of the crop-control laws as they apply to commodities moving in interstate commerce, I would not lightly advise you to sidestep your oath by construing the legislation as unconstitutional on your own. After all, the administrative arm of the government has no business trying to usurp the place of the courts. However, there *is* a court decision which would enable you to call off the federal dogs in the case of farmers who exceed the quota limitations on wheat acreage merely to raise feed for their own animals. I refer to U.S. Judge T. Whitfield Davidson's decision in the Evatts Haley Jr. case.

As you are most certainly aware, Judge Davidson ruled recently in Dallas, Texas, that Evatts Haley violated no rule of "commerce" in raising forty-three acres of wheat in 1956 for his own cattle without getting a quota. Haley had taken no money from Washington, so there was no standing matter of a *quid pro quo*. Said the Judge: "There is no Constitutional amendment authorizing Congress to tell the farmer what to plant, what to eat, what to do and how to work." Since Haley did not let his wheat flow into commercial channels, he was guilty merely of violating a "rule of production." And any such "rule of production" is, in Judge Davidson's opinion, unconstitutional on its face.

Mr. Benson, this leaves you with a magnificent opportunity to strike a blow for freedom without going against your conscience as a public official. Your own man, Mr. Wear K. Schoonover, attorney for the Department of Agriculture's crop-control programs, has been quoted as saying that your agency cannot afford to let Judge Davidson's ruling go unchallenged. In Heaven's name, why not? If you are even half the man I think you are, Mr. Benson, you'll call Mr. Schoonover into your office and tell him henceforward to keep his big mouth shut. Moreover, you will tell your agents not to bother people who raise wheat or corn to feed to their own cows or chickens.

There's Stanley Yankus Jr. of Dowagiac, Michigan, for instance. Stanley is a thirty-nine year old chicken farmer who, despite the application of the penalty law which Judge Davidson says is illegal, has been raising wheat for his own poultry. He's a fine, upstanding citizen, this Stanley Yankus, and you, Ezra Benson, should be for him. In the Yankus living room there is a framed copy of the Declaration of Independence. To a government agent seeking to make him a captive farmer, Yankus will quote from Burke: "The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing."

Stanley Yankus has never taken a red cent from Uncle Sam. If he had chosen to feed his hens on oats, peas, beans or little green apples, you, Ezra Benson, would not have bothered him. But simply because he fed wheat produced on his own land to his chickens, your Department has sicked the FBI on Mr. Yankus. At last reports the U.S. government had seized $1,701 from his small bank account.

Since Mr. Yankus has not appealed his case, I don't suppose he will get his money back automatically. But you might tell the Department of Justice to let Mr. Yankus alone in the future. And you might announce to the world in general and to American farmers in particular that you are accepting Judge Davidson's ruling as binding on your agents in all forty-nine states.

Your Commodity Stabilization Service has been quoted as saying Judge Davidson's ruling makes all crop-control programs ineffective. How so? Does it make any difference to the market price of wheat whether Mr. Haley chooses to feed his cows on grain or grass? Since he was broke in 1956, he wouldn't have been in the market for feed in any case. The same is true of most of the little farmers who raise stuff for their own animals.

Let 'em go, Mr. Benson. Let Judge Davidson have the last word. Deep in your heart you know that is what you want to do. Even if the Judge's ruling did endanger the whole crop-control system you wouldn't really mind it, now, would you?

Rippling Creek Club v. U.S.A.

Some playful (and anonymous!) young attorneys in the office of the Solicitor General of the U.S. have let their imaginations go on the trend in Supreme Court decisions . . . and take us forward to 1973

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES
No. 367—OCTOBER TERM, 1973

Rippling Creek Club, Inc., *et al.*, Petitioners,
v.
United States of America

On Writ of Certiorari to the United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit

(May 20, 1974)

Mr. Justice Smith delivered the opinion of the Court.

This case involves the construction and constitutionality of certain provisions of the Federal Discrimination Commission Act, 42 U.S.C. §9001 *et seq.*, empowering the Federal Discrimination Commission to issue cease and desist orders against "any individual, firm, corporation, unincorporated association or other entity whatsoever," whenever in the Commission's opinion such entity "is engaging, or is about to engage, in any discriminatory action, practice, or course of conduct." 42 U.S.C. § 9004 (b).

The corporate petitioner is a nonprofit corporation organized under the laws of the State of Alabama. Its organization and functions are those usual in country clubs. It maintains a clubhouse in which bar and dining facilities are provided, and it operates a golf course, tennis courts, swimming pool, and other customary amenities. It has, and at all times relevant to this litigation had, a membership of less than the full complement of 500 authorized by its constitution. New members are admitted upon the nomination of five regular members and the approval of the individual petitioners, an election committee of seven members appointed by the board of governors. An initiation fee and annual dues are charged. No so-called "Negro" is or has ever been a member.

On this state of facts the Commission instituted an investigation into petitioners' discriminatory practices, and, finding such to exist, issued on March 27, 1970, an order requiring petitioner to cease discriminating in its selection of membership. 13 F.D.C. 398. This order was duly affirmed, and an injunction issued, by the Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit. 58 F.3d 119. We denied certiorari. 391 U.S. 917. More than a year having passed, and there still being no "Negroes" among petitioner's membership, the Commission initiated contempt proceedings. Petitioners were adjudged in contempt, and the statutory punishment of fine and imprisonment was imposed. We granted certiorari to reaffirm basic principles in the administration of the Act. 402 U.S. 933.

Petitioners' primary contention is that the Act can have no application to, and the Commission no jurisdiction over, purely social organizations. Stripped of irrelevancies, in one aspect this argument is in essence that the Fourteenth Amendment, under which the Act was passed, applies only to State action, and that the actions neither of the corporate petitioner nor of the individuals composing its election committee come within the scope of that Amendment's prohibitions. It is true that only State action is inhibited by the Amendment; but to contend that action of the kind here involved is not State action is to revive the exploded fallacy of the Civil Rights Cases, 109 U.S. 3. As we said in *Saffold* v. *Holder*, 364 U.S. 221, 224, where the ghost of those cases was laid to rest forever:

> To say that action of a corporation is not "State action" in the instant context is to fly in the face of juristic reality. No corporation has or can have existence of any legally significant kind without the active consent of the State. . . . While its activities may in no sense be governmental, the life which enables it to carry on those activities was breathed into its nostrils by the State. What the State's creatures do, the State does.

The similar argument of the individual petitioners can fare no better. In the first case under the Act to reach this Court, *Harrison* v. *United States*, 380 U.S. 11, 19, we said:

> Petitioner contends that even if the repeated pronunciation in public of this word as "Nigra" amounts to discrimination within the meaning of the statute, the statute cannot be applied to him, since this conduct is not "State action". . . . The true bounds of the concept of "State action" have only recently emerged. It is plain that, under the

The Chief Justice, 1958

unitary conditions of modern life, to limit the notion of "State action" to those activities carried on by the legislature's express command or implied permission is to empty it of all significant content. The true teaching of *Marsh* v. *Alabama,* 336, U.S. 501, *Terry* v. *Adams,* 345 U.S. 461, and *Edgerton* v. *Shockley,* 361 U.S. 366, should by now be plain. It is that "the State" cannot be dissociated from the community; that action which meets the approval of the community and expresses its mood is as surely "State action" as is the most explicit statute.

We have frequently reaffirmed, and indeed broadened, this holding. *Firemen's Benevolent Society* v. *United States,* 397 U.S. 225; *McCracken* v. *United States,* 388 U.S. 409. Compare *United States* v. *One Book Called "Tales of Uncle Remus,"* 31 F. 3d 922.

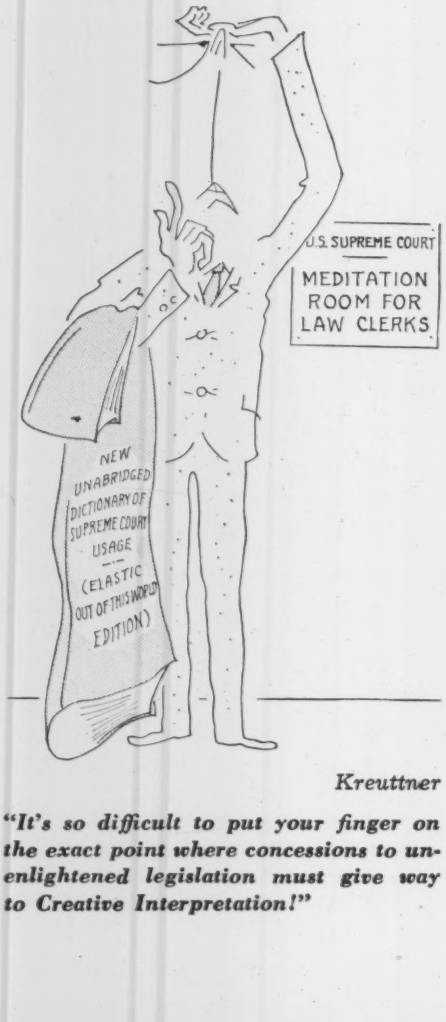
But the corporate petitioner's constitutional argument goes further than this; it raises the question left open in the *Firemen's Benevolent* case, *supra,* whether the right of assembly guaranteed by the First Amendment ousts the application of the Act to purely social organizations, whose sole *raison d'être* is the gathering together of congenial persons.

We did not reach this question in *Firemen's Benevolent.* There we held that the Commission had undoubted power to prevent the production of the "ministrel show" complained of, since the Society functioned as an insurer as well as a social organization; but we intimated that this question would be ruled by our decision in *States Rights Democratic Party* v. *United States.* 393 U.S. 1. In the latter case we held that political associations could not hide from the Act behind the shield of the First Amendment, since such associations are by their nature concerned with government, and discriminatory action "is not reasonably related to any proper governmental objective." *Bolling* v. *Sharpe,* 347 U.S. 497, 500.

Petitioners seek to avoid the impact of the *States Rights* decision by arguing that its rationale is limited to political associations; that it holds only that the protection accorded political associations is restricted to their governmental, or would-be governmental, activities.

But *States Rights* cannot be so restricted. Whether or not the First Amendment right is limited to the right of political assembly, see *Yamaguchi* v. *Weinberg,* 370 U.S. 93, 99, we hold that the Amendment does not shield a mere social organization from the Discrimination Act. It would indeed be strange if it were otherwise. No discriminations leave deeper or more lasting scars than do social ones, and it was Congress' particular intention, in creating the Commission, "to forge a weapon capable of dealing with this threat to our democratic society." S.Rep. No. 316, 89th Cong., 1st Sess. 26.

Petitioner's other contentions are equally devoid of merit. It is settled that "the content of the term 'discriminatory' is sufficiently rooted in the common conscience of the American people to constitute a valid standard with ascertainable criteria." *Harrison* v. *United States, supra,* at 16. Thus, the Commission's condemnation of offensive pronunciations of group names, *Harrison* v. *United States, supra;* of printing the word "Negro" without a capital initial, *United States* v. *377 copies of the London Times,* 236 F. Supp. 346; of advertising a musical instrument as a "Jew's harp," *Apex Piano Co.* v. *United States,* 44 F. 3d 619, certiorari denied, 399 U. S. 924; and of employing the phrase "dirty Irish trick," *Ng Yang Toy* v. *United States,* 399 U.S. 772, have all been upheld. We have approved, in *Northfield Aircraft Co.* v. *United States,* decided this day, Commission regulations forbidding prospective employers to inquire as to the names of job applicants, since this might reveal the applicants' ancestry or national origin. At any rate, we are not here concerned with the borderlines of the discrimination concept. The flagrantly exclusionary conduct of the petitioners is sufficiently extreme to satisfy any definition.


U.S. SUPREME COURT
MEDITATION ROOM FOR LAW CLERKS
NEW UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY OF SUPREME COURT USAGE
(ELASTIC OUT OF THIS WORLD EDITION)

Kreuttner

"It's so difficult to put your finger on the exact point where concessions to unenlightened legislation must give way to Creative Interpretation!"

Petitioners contend, finally, that the fact that no so-called "Negroes" applied for admission to membership absolves them of any responsibility for discrimination. This contention is likewise without merit. Ever since *Barrett* v. *United States,* 380 U.S. 585 —in one sense, indeed, ever since the New York schools case, *Hunt* v. *Board of Education,* 355 U.S. 116—it has been clear that it is no defense to a charge of exclusionary discrimination that no members of the group discriminated against have sought admission. As we pointed out in *Barrett,* "the lack of applications tends to show not apathy but repression; to demonstrate good faith it is necessary that the party charged actively seek out members of other groups." It is urged that this confers irrebuttability on the statutory presumption of discrimination when no member of the minority group is found in the group or organization involved; but that this is not so should be obvious from *Northern Vermont Driving School, Inc.* v. *United States,* 400 U.S. 333.

We hold, therefore, that the Act is constitutional as applied to petitioner; that social organizations cannot discriminate against members of minority groups. There are limits, of course, to the extent to which social alignments can be regulated: see *Gotlieb* v. *New York,* decided this day, holding invalid the New York Compulsory Intermarriage Law. But those limits were not reached in this case. They were not even approached.

Affirmed

Rockefeller and Harriman: Robber Baron to Robin Hood

FRANK CHODOROV

The present New York gubernatorial campaign shows up as a distinct change in the American thought-pattern in the last sixty years.

Both candidates are scions of men who in their time were known as Robber Barons. The qualifications for this accolade have never been clearly defined; one had to be very rich to achieve the title, but merely being rich was not enough, for many millionaires did not acquire it. It was generally assumed that these men came by their millions in ways not entirely ethical. Yet, as even the muckrakers took pains to point out, the unethical methods were not strictly illegal: the tainted millions represented monopoly profits exacted from the public through the use of special privileges granted these men by law. The privileges took the form of land grants, tariffs, franchises, government contracts and the like. It was asserted (and sometimes proved) that these privileges were bought and paid for in the political market.

The fixed doctrine of those days held that the granting of privilege is a misuse of political power, regardless of the identity of the beneficiary. Teddy Roosevelt made a career out of this principle, by launching his "trust-busting" crusade. Oddly enough, neither TR nor any other political enemy of the Robber Barons advocated the generic remedy: to deconstitutionalize the privilege-granting power of government. Perhaps the politicians realized that politics would be deprived of much of its luster if the government were unable to hand out advantages to favored individuals or powerful groups. The proposals, which were simply to bring the Robber Barons to heel by placing them under surveillance, had the effect of expanding government power and initiating the dispensation of privilege on a massive scale.

There is no doubt about it, in those days the public was dead against privilege. The cherished American thesis of "equality" postulated a society in which the winner picked up the marbles. Egalitarianism was held to be a device of the devil, who was a foreigner. Every American had a right to get rich, *but no American could lay claim to a handout* and only a "bum" would accept it.

In mellow afterthought, Robber Barons Rockefeller and Harriman were not as anti-social as the muckrakers painted them. The father of one of the gubernatorial candidates built (by dubious methods) a railroad system that expanded the productive capacity of the country; the grandfather of the other founded and developed a business which made possible the advent of the automobile, the four-lane highway, the oil-burner, and other fixed ingredients of our way of living. Though monopoly profit figured in their accumulations, their fortunes were amassed, in the main, by rendering service. What is a monopoly profit? It is that extra the monopolist can add to the price of the commodity or service he offers because he has no effective competition. But (assuming flexible demand) the monopolist cannot make *any* profit unless he produces something somebody wants and is willing to pay for. The Rockefellers and the Harrimans of former days were makers of useful things, and they left behind them capital foundations from which Americans are still benefiting.

Guilt Complex?

And now the offspring of these two Robber Barons are running for political office. Whether or not they inherited the genius of their forebears will never be known, for necessity did not press them into revealing their creative potentialities. Prenatal conditions induced them to become givers of alms rather than makers of things. Possibly their compulsion to give was encouraged by a guilt complex, the conviction that their forebears had no right to the fortunes they amassed, that the makers of abundance are really wicked people, and that therefore it is incumbent on their heirs to atone for their wickedness by distributing the fortunes they leave behind. Be that as it may the gubernatorial candidates have devoted their lives to giving, rather than making, and the habit of giving what is their own has qualified them for politics, which has been aptly described as the science of transferring money from one set of pockets to another. One or the other, Mr. Harriman or Mr. Rockefeller (does it matter which?) will be elected Governor, running, eventually, on a redistributionist ticket. What will the next Governor give away? Mainly privileges. The father was denounced for seeking or accepting privileges from government, the son will be acclaimed for dispensing them. The Governor will not select makers of things as beneficiaries of privilege, but raucous petitioners representing numerically large pressure groups; the privileges will be demanded and granted in the name of "social justice" (the Robber Barons, too, had their rationalizations) but they will be privileges nevertheless. And, just as the Robber Barons paid for their advantages by contributing to the campaign funds of complaisant politicians, so the privilege-seekers will promise a *quid pro quo* to the Governor or his party at the next election. The attitude of Americans toward privilege-granting government has undergone a complete transformation.

One further comment is in order. The public careers of both candidates are characterized by advocacy of government intervention in private affairs. The ideas they have promulgated, or helped others to promulgate, would have been called socialistic by their forebears, who, if they could have foreseen how their fortunes would be used, would probably have spent them in an effort to wipe out these ideas. They would have preferred, such being the temper of their time, to leave their sons a heritage of freedom rather than of dollars. But, these sons, taking up the pattern of thought in their own times, a pattern they helped to formulate, are dedicated to the establishment of an American climate in which productive genius will not have a chance. The next Governor of New York will be a socialist.

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

Profile of the Establishment

"What is this Establishment you keep writing about?" In conversation and correspondence I have been asked this question a dozen times. The implication is, of course, that we at NATIONAL REVIEW have created a straw man against whom we inveigh; that it is ridiculous to speak, as NATIONAL REVIEW does, of a unity of outlook that so closely binds together the powerful and decisive figures in every sphere of American life, that on all important questions their opinions and action can be predicted within very narrow limits. But that is what an Establishment is: not a conspiracy, not an organized and disciplined body, but men inspired by so essential a unity of belief on fundamental matters that consultation, organization, detailed agreement, is unnecessary.

If anyone thinks that it is an exaggeration to speak of such a unity of view, I challenge him to suggest, however quietly and modestly, at any dinner party or cocktail party representative of the elite of our society, that the traditional values of the West are absolutely and without compromise superior to those of any other civilization; or that John Dewey has had a maleficent influence upon twentieth-century American society equal to, if not surpassing that of Karl Marx; or that the political theory and practice of Grover Cleveland and William McKinley represented a norm infinitely nearer to the norm of a free society than the political theory and practice of Franklin Roosevelt and Dwight Eisenhower. Try it and see what happens. You will expose, as with a powerful x-ray, the firm skeleton of dogma that makes the Establishment what it is, however many the surface differences that, on inessentials, divide it into cliques and groups.

Differences do exist — between Stevensonian Democrats and Modern Republicans, between "life-adjustment" educationists and "social-reconstructionist" educationists, between *New York Times* publicists and *New York Herald Tribune* publicists. But, underlying these differences, a broadly consistent and delimitable body of dogma pervades the consciousness and shapes the actions of the decisive and articulate sections of our society.

The Dogmas

Philosophically, this body of dogma is relativist, pragmatic, positivist, scornful of absolute criteria, of all strictly theoretical thought, of all inquiry not amenable to the methods of the natural sciences.

Socially, it assumes the existence of an organism, "society," as the being to which, and to the good of which, all moral (and by the same token, political) problems finally refer. Sometimes this principle is modified, but never by intrinsic reference to the individual person, only by reference to collectivist images of specialized groups of individuals: "minorities," "the underprivileged," "the elite," "scientists," "gifted children," "backward children," "labor." Concern is never for, there is no moral reference to, a man who is a Negro, a poor man, a rich man, a well-born man, an able man, a biologist, a child, a carpenter.

Politically, it attributes virtue in strict proportionality to power. Actions are best, and best performed, when the state performs them; and within the governmental structure, best when the act of the federal government rather than of the several states; and within the federal government, best when the action of the executive rather than of the legislative. And if it cannot be the act of government, better that it be the act of an organization than that of an individual, better that of a large organization than that of a small one.

Economically, it takes for granted that the several energies of men expressed through the functioning of a free-market economy can lead only to disaster (although it was with the growth of that system that the great leap in human productivity of the last 150 years occurred). Considering centralized direction and regulation the desideratum of economic systems, it either looks towards state ownership of all productive facilities, in a Marxist or quasi-Marxist manner, or, in a Keynesian manner, it demands that the statist section in a "mixed economy" control all the decisive sectors of the economy and receive a lion's share, through taxation, of the product. In either case it insists that only "socially desirable" production shall be encouraged; and that the decision as to what is "socially desirable" shall be made not by the individual consumers through the market, but by the bureaucrats and social workers through the power of regulation and taxation.

Emotionally, it prefers psychoanalysis to the dark night of the soul, "adjustment" to achievement, security to freedom. It preaches "the end of ideology," admires experts and fears prophets, fears above all commitment to value transcending the fact.

These are the dogmas that bind together those who constitute the Establishment. They determine what the Establishment is and what it stands for in every sphere from the philosophical to the practical. And these dogmas constitute a view of man diametrically opposed to the dogmas upon which Western civilization and American freedom are founded.

So long as the Establishment that is inspired by this view is in the ascendancy, there are only two historical alternatives: that our civilization will be destroyed from within, by the gradual triumph of the regnant anti-Western principle; or that it will be destroyed from without by Communist conquest, against which the votaries of this destructive relativist principle have in the end no defense, having no rock of ultimate defiance upon which to stand against Communism.

This is why it is necessary to recognize that there *is* an Establishment and to discern its lineaments clearly. For only if it is seen to exist and seen for what it is, is it possible to fight to unseat it.

THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

For Father Halton: Godspeed

I ask myself, What class of mistakes does a man make, that his fellows, or most of them, refuse to put aside as forgivable?

Consider the generosity—if it is as simple as that—of the typical American. The springs of hatred are simply not deep. Richard Nixon was wrong when he told Whittaker Chambers that if the American people had known what exactly Alger Hiss had done, they'd have boiled him in oil. We *do* know what Hiss did, but we harbor no such impulse toward him. I move in the most hardheaded anti-Communist circles in America, and I have yet to hear a word of hatred directed at Julius or Ethel Rosenberg; and if they had not been electrocuted, if the public had been denied that definitive expiation, still I doubt that hatred would have materialized, any more for the Rosenbergs than for Klaus Fuchs, who roams free in England. Clinton Rossiter once told me, in the course of illustrating the eccentric passions he came up against on joining the staff of the Fund for the Republic, that he had received one letter, from one very angry man, which said simply, "Mr. Rossiter: you will fry in hell with the Rosenbergs." He laughed, and I did; because we both recognized that such a voice, by its hatred, was isolated: that such sentiments are not the rule in America. We would not have laughed, but rather cried, if we thought that his correspondent bespoke the American mood. Owen Lattimore, on the record, was a conscious, articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy, and it does not take a highly imaginative mind, let alone a fanciful one, to trace to his influence American reversals that resulted in the loss of American lives. And yet, though most Americans would not gladly traffic with him, he remains in high esteem in his college, and he is everywhere greeted, in his public lectures, by standing ovations: by men moved in part by the anxiety to demonstrate their solidarity against "McCarthyism"; but also by persons who, viewing the Lattimore episode, wish, or seem to be wishing, to make known their disposition to forget; to let the past go, even in the absence of any sign of atonement. Where is the man who is really angry with Bernard Goldfine, for what constitutes a despicable abuse of his friends? Hoffa, as a live political issue, has political enemies aplenty: but if power is taken from him, in whom will the juices of Hoffa-hate generate? In as many people, I suggest, as harbor a hatred nowadays for the dispossessed Dave Beck. Indeed our generosity reaches almost perverse heights: The entire nation was caught up in the horror of the kidnapping and murder-by-neglect of the Weinberger baby. But the wretched Angelo de La Marca, who is due to die, is the object of widespread pity, not vindictiveness. And if his sentence were commuted tomorrow by Governor Harriman, the opposition would base its (cogent) case on the opportunity lost to make an example of him: not on the abstract desire to give him his due.

I think of the departure, this week from Princeton, of Father Hugh Halton, and the strange, stupefying bitterness that the Princeton community is showing him. I have scanned the press, and have seen no evidence at all of a single gracious gesture by a member of the Princeton faculty or administration toward Hugh Halton. Imagine if it had been Robert Oppenheimer, drummed out of the Institute for Advanced Studies, following, say, upon a judicial showing of disloyalty. Even then, would he have been allowed to leave the town of Princeton, as Father Halton is scheduled to go, wholly alone?

In these lines I have inferentially done Father Halton a signal disservice. Hiss Lattimore Rosenberg De La Marca Oppenheimer—Halton? The sequence is ludicrous: but consider, under the circumstances, how especially perplexing is the dogged bitterness of virtually the entire academic community toward him. Suppose Father Halton to have been wrong, on the points at issue. Concede that in his manner of attacking Professor Walter Stace and other members of the Princeton faculty, he was guilty of an act of intellectual aggression. Suppose that he did misread the meaning of the Princeton tradition. Suppose he acted mock-heroically, in the way in which he stated his case; and that, in his acid commentaries on Princeton's shortcomings, he taxed beyond endurance the administration's patience? Grant that: and ask, Who, having done as much, but in behalf of different gods, has been so severely and vindictively dealt with?

Is It Always So?

What of the professional iconoclasts, in virtually every college faculty, who make sport of the religious, educational, social and political auspices under which they live and teach? I can think of a single professor, at Yale when I was there, who would rail against a) our political system ("based on fetishistic constitutionalism"); b) our religious tradition ("I'll believe Christianity when the chemists tell me you can make grape juice out of hemoglobin"); c) our economic system ("socialism supplants superstition with science"); d) the social system ("The Ivy League is dedicated to the perpetuation of snobbery"); e) the public morality ("premarital abstinence is censorious insistence on an outworn code"); f) the political order ("Vote for Henry Wallace"). He was a popular hero; and when it was suggested his tastelessness be examined as a matter of community concern, Academic Freedom was invoked, and the mere discussion of his manners was stayed.

It is all very hard to understand, as one reviews the record of Father Halton, on the eve of his leavetaking from a great center of liberal learn-

(*Continued on p. 255*)

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Bernard Iddings Bell

After several years of blindness, Canon Bernard Iddings Bell died in Chicago last month. I do not know where we will find another like him.

It is one of the marks of human decency, Mr. Eliseo Vivas remarks somewhere, to be ashamed of having been born into the twentieth century. Canon Bell was ashamed of our century, with reason. For broad influence, he was the most distinguished Episcopalian clergyman in this country, and he had an English reputation, too, and a large audience among Catholic and many Protestant bodies. Famous as a preacher, he was also a powerful and clever writer, his books selling in the tens of thousands. His sermons were read and discussed by a public few theologians have reached since Victorian days. A High Churchman, he made no concessions to social gospellers, liberals, latitudinarians, modernists, humanitarians, or public-relations experts.

He was so hot against entrenched selfishness and stupidity that he was denounced as a Communist (I don't exaggerate); he was so hot against malign collectivism that he was denounced as an apologist of reaction. Such abuse delighted B. I., who rejoiced in a good fight. No one, I think, ever had the better of him in a battle of wits. Easily incensed, he was ready to forgive; and in all things he was a man of honor scrupulous in distinguishing persons from opinions.

His life was one long fight. Only from a condition of voluntary poverty, Thoreau tells us, can a man justly criticize society; and Canon Bell did not hesitate to pay the forfeit. Although well rewarded as lecturer and author, he spent his income in his own good works, and donated much of his own stipend when he was counselor to Episcopalian students at the University of Chicago. In educating his only son (who died at the threshold of manhood), in extensive travel, and in devotion to his ordained duties as priest, he spent his money as it came: and that on principle.

For when Bell was a little boy, he learned something from his grandmother. His grandparents, straitened in their means, had been frugal, saving all their lives to build and furnish a house to their liking. In old age they achieved their end, and their house was built and well furnished; and just then Bell's grandmother discovered that she was suffering from an incurable malignant cancer. Put to bed, she had her grandson called in, and said this to him:

"Bernard, your grandfather tells me that they are going to have to put me under drugs soon, and then I will not be able to talk to you. So I want to tell you now what I have learnt from life. I have had a long life, and rather a hard one, and I have learnt this: *Never save any money.*"

The anecdote and the tone were characteristic of Canon Bell. He set himself to saving souls, instead, after studying history at the University of Chicago, and after working for a time as a paddy-wagon-chasing newspaper reporter. In 1910 he was ordained a priest in the Episcopal Church; and his influence in that church has been great ever since, even though he was often in a forlorn minority at church convocations. At the age of twenty-eight, he was dean of a cathedral (at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin); at thirty-two, he was ministering to the spiritual needs of fifty thousand sailors at Great Lakes Naval Station; at thirty-four, he became president of St. Stephen's College, now a part of Columbia University, where he served with high distinction for fourteen years. He stood against the degradation of the democratic dogma in American education; and he rallied many fellow-spirits round him, though there were times when he stood almost alone. His fairly recent book, *Crisis in Education,* was one of the first books to undertake the demolition of Deweyism and "the patronage-network of Teachers College, Columbia University." In the end, he gave up St. Stephen's rather than see its principles modified and its standards lowered. One complaint against his vigorous presidency was that he demanded decorum and decent dress of his students. In this, as in much else, Canon Bell was no respecter of the secular dogma that "one man is as good as another, or maybe a little better." He attracted to St. Stephen's some men of mark, including that eccentric genius the late Albert Jay Nock, through whose good offices I first came to know Dr. Bell.

The Reverend Bernard Iddings Bell, among the abominations of the twentieth century, strewing his pearls before the Gadarene swine, reminds us of how Burke prophesied that, the spirit of Christianity and the idea of a gentleman forgot, learning would be trampled down by the swinish multitude. Like a very different sort of person, Farinata, Bell looked as if he had great scorn of Hell. B. I. Bell was a haughty man, in his way; and if we had a dozen more as haughty, we might cleanse this sty of ours.

Though it is all too probable, once my course is run, that I may look upon the proud face of Farinata in his fiery tomb, I do not expect to find Bernard Iddings Bell the other side of Acheron. He will be in a quite different place—unless, in his Kiplingesque way, he is voluntarily down among the coals, serving drink to poor damned souls. Yet I once gave away a bride at a wedding ceremony which Canon Bell performed; so if there be any contagion in holiness, I have some chance of redemption still. I hope so; as, man being made for eternity, I should not like to be forever blotted out from the sight of Bernard Iddings Bell, who, away beyond the music of the spheres, will be somewhere near his Master.

Once I heard Dr. Bell preach at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, then still being restored from the bombing; and he spoke, amid the rubble and hideousness of modern London, for that great continuity and essence, the Church, timeless amid corruption, in the tone of the great divines of the seventeenth century and the fathers of the fourteenth century from whom his inspiration came.

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Samuel Beckett vs. Fiction

HUGH KENNER

Let us concede that "the novel" is a bore. Wyndham Lewis, the last Titan, caused one of his characters to throw *Middlemarch* into the sea, in default of some appropriate archive. " 'The historic illusion, the scenes depicted, and the hand depicting them . . . should not be handed down as a living document. It is a part of *history*'—with this he dismissed it." This summary judgment on the trivialities of systematized humanism should jar us into noticing how large an assumption traditional fiction makes about the inherent interest of human beings: people who walk upstairs, walk downstairs, eat eggs, quarrel, marry, converse with clergymen, and ride in trains.

The place of such detail in a work of art has never been satisfactorily explained; Aristotle was not confronted with the problem. Its place in a work of entertainment, however, is a matter of social history. Defoe filled *Robinson Crusoe* with inventories and iterative chronicles to delight a new mercantile class, who were entranced with the material rewards of self-reliance, and generations of children, who like to tell over possessions. Subsequently, nineteenth-century aesthetics — of the period of Landseer and Rosa Bonheur—certified an art of middle-distance detail as "verisimilitude," and nineteenth-century liberalism certified the novel's preoccupation with people preoccupied by trivia as art's truest note, a proper human compassion.

The crucial place of Ireland in the recent history of Western literary art is accounted for by the historical fact that Ireland escaped the humanist poison. Consequently the great Irish nihilists (for so they appear in a humanist perspective) have been the persistent reformers of fiction. The long-awaited appearance of Mr. Samuel Beckett's *The Unnamable* in the author's own English version of his 1953 French text (Grove, $1.45) reaffirms his claim to dignify a tradition established by Swift and Joyce. Mr. Beckett has the true radical's grasp of how, in his own time, the art he would practice is situated. As Shakespeare, who inherited an equally unsatisfactory theater, made it the vehicle for *Macbeth* by simply observing that the stage was a place where men ranted in trappings to which they had no personal right, so

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Mr. Beckett has spun a trilogy of remarkable novels (*Molloy, Malone Dies, The Unnamable*) out of a simple perception of what the novel is. A novel (as distinguished from, say, a lyric poem's anomalous intercourse with song and the dramatic) is a piece of writing performed with considerable endurance by a solitary man who sits in a room, collecting what congruent memories he can of things he experienced before his siege in the room commenced.

From that, everything flows, including the bedridden Malone's frequent proposal to enumerate his possessions, like a senescent Crusoe. Reminiscence, fantasy, description, reflection, all the paraphernalia of fiction pass through these books with the disarming obviousness of the unexpected. The narrator constantly shifts his focus of attention in order to keep himself interested. This is what the professional fictionist does too, although he would claim if pressed that he did it in order to keep the reader interested. Yet from no one is a reader more remote than from a novelist: the sheer labor of covering the pages fills up his working days.

"There's this man who comes every week. Perhaps I got here thanks to him. He says not. He gives me money and takes away the pages. So many pages, so much money. . . . Yet I don't work for money. For what then? I don't know." Thus Molloy on the problems of authorship. If only *By Love Possessed* could have begun with such candor! Molloy's next incarnation, Malone (for the three books progress toward an ever elusive center, like a skinned onion) proposes to tell himself four stories, "one about a man, another about a woman, a third about a thing, and finally one about an animal, a bird probably." As for *The Unnamable*, he indulges neither in reminiscence nor in fantasy. "I have always been sitting here, at this selfsame spot, my hands on my knees, gazing before me like a great horned owl in an aviary." There are lights, there are sounds, but there is no place and he is no one exactly, like a character in fiction, which is what he is, and somehow a projection of the sedentary author's, which is what he is also. The trilogy is, among other things, a compendious parody of all the novels that have ever been written, reduced to their most general terms.

This extraordinary *reductio* Beckett propels for some 200,000 words, incorporating as he goes by the *roman policier*, the picaresque chronicle, the *Bildungsroman*, the universes of Proust and Defoe (these two superimposed), the fiction of self-interrogation. Our attention is held without plot (a broom that sweeps everything in the same direction), without an undertow of ideas, with a minimum of incident, with no incubus of profundity. What holds us is in part the unquenchable lust to know what will happen in the next ten words, in part the hypnotic fascination of the nearly motionless, as when we gaze at flies on the windowpane. What else holds anyone's attention through 200,000 words of fiction?

Yet Mr. Beckett has so distilled these appeals that they operate with uncomfortable immediacy; we are not allowed to suppose that we are reading "for the story," or for some improving purpose. His transparent syntax establishes a tone, a tone of genial resignation, within which the events of the trilogy declare themselves; and these events are minute items become momentous, a small shift of attention, the toot of a bicycle horn, the whereabouts of a boot. For Mr. Beckett, manipulating a form that has always indulged itself in copious trivial detail, has invented for it a convention that can accommodate any amount of detail while rendering nothing too trivial to be interesting.

This is best seen in *Malone Dies*, the book to sample if one means to sample merely (it is to be hoped, by the way, that no one will be so misled as to approach the trilogy for the first time via *The Unnamable*). Malone in bed has just consolidated his belongings:

"I see then that I had attributed to myself certain objects no longer in my possession, so far as I can see. But might they not have rolled behind a piece of furniture? That would surprise me. A boot, for example, can a boot roll behind a piece of furniture? And yet I see only one boot. And behind what piece of furniture? In this room, to the best of my knowledge, there is only one piece of furniture capable of intervening between me and my possessions; I refer to the cupboard. But it so cleaves to the wall, to the two walls, for it stands in the corner, that it seems part of them. . . ."

A LUNATIC fixation? Yes; so, in a way, is the scientist's fixation on transistors or gall-wasps, or the housewife's on her cleaning. It is more to the point to remark the absolute sureness of decorum, cannily juxtaposing sentences that might have come from the D.A.'s summing-up ("I refer to the cupboard") with scraps of the bleakest notation ("I see only one boot"). We are held by Molloy, Malone and The Unnamable as persons; but as persons they would not reach us or exert their spell on us unless we were being gripped by their characteristic comedy of idiom, by the progression of written words. Fiction is made of words, and Mr. Beckett is the most accomplished master of the English prose sentence now living. The years he has spent writing in French, and mastering the resources of that unique expressive instrument, the French declarative sentence, have won him access to unexplored areas of English prose where there is no one equipped to rival him.

Reviewers are accustomed to make a fuss about this author's quite un-American pessimism. *Malone Dies* is no more pessimistic than *King Lear*, and considerably funnier. Not that Shakespeare's pre-eminence is disturbed, but he and Swift and Tennyson and Mr. Eliot—not to mention Edna St. Vincent Millay—are not unaffected. Mr. Beckett is the sort of major writer whose advent leaves past accomplishment not revised but more accurately located.

It is perfectly true that his trilogy of novels has, for the present at least, rendered any more introspective fiction irrelevant. He has explored and sealed off the passageway toward deliquescence that Proust discovered. It is quite likely that he has also brought his own novel-writing to an impasse.

Fortunately, he has other strings to his bow. He may soon do us the service of bringing down Tennessee Williams. *Waiting for Godot* and *Fin de Partie* (the latter, unfortunately, most readily accessible in its inferior English version, *Endgame*), two plays both written after *L'Innommable*, make it clear that he is now at work on a radical transvaluation of contemporary drama. As one might expect, his stage work springs from a bare and reductive perception of the nature of the twentieth-century stage. The twentieth-century stage, he makes clear, is an enclosed space into which a great many people are staring. One is not convinced that Mr. Williams and Mr. Arthur Miller have so far taken full account of this.

"By a Set of Curious Chances"

FRANCIS RUSSELL

EISENHOWER and Roosevelt shared one overwhelming quality; they both became father-figures of myth-like proportions, created out of obscure needs and anxieties and hopes, and bearing small resemblance to the men they actually were. Roosevelt was a father-figure in a time of economic frustration; Americans who found comfort in his confident over-ripe voice did not and could not know how little lay behind his glib assurance. Eisenhower has been the father-figure in a time of domestic prosperity and foreign frustration. He, the general who led us to grinning victory over the Axis, would as President lead us to some permanent euphoric plateau where there would be no mess in Washington, no more Korean episodes, and the Russians would behave themselves. To the middle-class voters who had been denied a father-image under the Roosevelt dispensation, Eisenhower at last brought a sense of identification. That man had been replaced by their man. Even four years of fumbling inanition were not enough to convince. It took the Sputniks streaking across the sky to crack the Eisenhower image. Fate was kinder in the exit it provided Roosevelt.

Marquis Childs' *Eisenhower: Captive Hero* (Harcourt, Brace, $4.75) is in a sense symbolic of the cracked image, for a nationally promoted anti-Eisenhower book would scarcely have been considered feasible even as late as two years ago. Mr. Childs writes somewhat diffusely from a Stevensonian point of view. Yet, if one discounts that, one does find the facts assembled to answer the question: how did Eisenhower, the mediocre soldier for whom even the complexities of his native tongue would remain a mystery, how did he become a General of the Armies and two times President? In the average course of events this somewhat uncouth West Pointer would with luck have ended his thirty years of service as a "chicken" colonel commanding some sleepy brick army post. Events not being average, how did he do it?

The answer is that it was done by the mirrors of public relations. In World War II a coordinating over-all commander was needed, not the stern

military enigma, but an open, affable people's general, an Ike. Eisenhower played the role well. As Supreme Commander he was the supreme public relations man. It is doubtful whether he would have had the ability or the initiative to command a division in the field. His plan for cross-channel invasion of France in 1942 was puerile.

Mr. Childs does not mention that during the war, whenever Soviet long-term aims or the political advantages of being first in Berlin were brought to Eisenhower's attention, his reply was always that he was interested solely in winning the war. That in itself was typical of the man. For to initiate action is for him both congenitally and by training almost impossible. Somebody else must make the decisions. If it is Berlin, Truman; if it is Suez, the United Nations. If it is inflation, then it is up to labor and industry; if it is the Little Rock dilemma, then somebody else should get together with somebody. Even in Lebanon when the President was finally forced to act, his reluctance was overcome only by General Twining's boldness.

Eisenhower becomes comprehensible in Mr. Childs' portrait. Basically he is still the "chicken" colonel, his tastes the anti-intellectual activities of an army post, his twin ideas those of delegated authority and chain-of-command. What he has never envisaged is himself as the beginning of a command chain. Affable folk-image, he is in fact one of the hollow men.

Science Fiction

The Dance of Shiva

C. R. MORSE

Fred Hoyle, an astronomer, remarks in the preface to *The Black Cloud* (Harper, $2.95), his first science fiction novel: "I hope that my scientific colleagues will enjoy this frolic. After all, there is very little here that could not conceivably happen." His use of the word "frolic" is significant, because *playfulness* is, it seems to me, one of the most striking aspects of science fiction. For science fiction is a new form, a form that has been prophetic of a new age, and is essentially involved in it.

It seems natural that playfulness should accompany newness and youth. The playful kitten. The frisky puppy. Of course the exuberance of the creative mind as it enters a new field is very different from the frolic of young animals. Playfulness need not be kittenish or comic. Shiva, the Destroyer and Renewer, is often shown as *dancing*. It was his dance (in the aspect of Durvaras) that caused the decline of Indra's power and led to the Churning of the Ocean —that tremendous mythological event so suggestive of the transition from Age to Age. As the gods and demons agitated the Sea of Milk new forms and identities arose, among them the moon. And Shiva danced in the depths, and the moon was his portion.

It is undoubtedly bathetic to relate SF to the divine dance, and yet—something very like a Space Age *does* seem to loom before us, and the power of the novel *does* seem to be declining. Is it symptomatic that this excellent old literary form no longer deserves its name?

Mr. Hoyle calls *The Black Cloud* a frolic. Perhaps it will seem so to his fellow scientists. At any rate it was a frolic for *him*—and the writer's attitude toward his own work is not unimportant. The zest of *The Black Cloud* certainly does not lie in its writing. It is hard to imagine a stodgier, more ligneous prose. There is no storyteller's rhythm to buoy up the mass of fascinating and highly technical scientific lore. The chief character, an Astronomer-Thersites, asserts that the real clash in our present society lies "between the literary mind and the mathematical mind." In that clash it is plain to be seen which side Mr. Hoyle would be on . . .

But the basic idea of *The Black Cloud* is not stodgy at all. Herein lies the "playfulness," the liberation from the dying novel's glum re-examination of personal relations. Astronomers detect a vast (a *really* vast) cloud of interstellar gas making a beeline toward the solar system, at a tremendous rate of speed. The observers on earth see the familiar constellations blotted out, and finally the sun itself—with results more horrible and unpredictable than you are likely to imagine until you have read this book. Man, gallant Man (as exemplified by the Scientist) with his limited but still marvelous lore, ascertains something of the Cloud's nature, and finds it to be an almost inconceivable identity which has come to "feed" on our sun's energy. Communication of a sort is achieved, and the Cloud moves on—after blasting a brain or two in a kindly attempt to convey some of its own superior knowledge to the human mentality.

Does this special use of the word "playful" begin to take on meaning? I would not like it to sound silly. Playfulness lies in the artist's attitude—his choice of materials and his audacity in juggling with them. It is characterized by a certain joyous disrespect for old ways turned stale (Dickens, Picasso, Shaw, Stravinsky, Joyce). It may be coltish, or deadly serious, or both. In *The Black Cloud,* known facts and possibilities have been arranged into a credulity-teasing structure rather far from the "real" world. We find ourselves in a realm where the imagination is only lightly shackled by "lifelike" standards and considerations.

Let us go on to another scientist, Arthur C. Clarke, who is rather more deft as a writer and more free in his play with ideas. (Those who have read his science fiction novel, *Childhood's End,* will not forget his name.) *The Other Side of the Sky* (Harcourt, $3.95) is a collection of short stories —and sometimes I wonder if the short story is not the ideal form for SF. It permits the presentation of an idea without the use of too much padding. Here are several of Mr. Clarke's ideas quickly outlined: For three centuries a group of Tibetan lamas have been compiling all the possible names of God, using a nine-letter alphabet. To shorten their task by an estimated 15,000 years, they hire an Automatic Sequence Computer, which can do the work in 100 days. Only toward the end of this period do the engineers who accompany the computer realize that the

lamas believe that as the last name is printed the human race will have finished what it was created to do—but "nothing as trivial" as the end of the world! They attempt flight, but as they lift their eyes to heaven: "Overhead, without any fuss, the stars were going out."

Playful? In a grand way. Still grander is the splendid and touching story "The Star." Three thousand light-years from the Vatican a Jesuit-Scientist finds the last agonized records of a glorious civilization destroyed—when the planet's sun flared into a supernova. The Jesuit is led to question God's will. However, his calculations date the frightful explosion and identify it as the star over Bethlehem.

Playful? In conception, yes. In meaning, no.

As for Alfred Bester's *Starburst* (Signet, 35 cents), here we find a more rowdy playfulness, a certain goblin quirkiness set forth in a style reminiscent of *Esquire* or tough detective stories. But Mr. Bester knows how to make joyous leaps from unexpected angles and to cut grim capers. For example: The Old One finds himself a unique leftover in a world of partially synthetic humans, all apparently called Tom. ("No. Tom. Not Tom. Tom.") The Old One fumes: "No blood, no bones, no guts, no heart. And no private parts. What do you do with a woman? How much of you is mechanical?" "Not more than 60 per cent, Old One," Tom laughed. "I have children." Playful? Well, yes.

It would be comforting to state that in SF we already have a great new literature worthy of the coming Space Age, as Dickens was worthy of the Victorian Age. I am not prepared to make such a claim, but at least SF is lively and opens on the future. It might well take Shiva for its tutelary deity. He wears the moon on his brow. His third eye represents the future. He is known as Demolisher of Barriers. Insane, beloved by the insane. He who is clothed with space.

Television

Success Story

GARRY WILLS

THE WEST has always shaped the year's recurrences with a pattern of festivals and holy days. According to Frazer, a golden bough was the key to one system of such feasts. But the silver mirror of TV is the magically glowing maypole around which our feasts and observances revolve today. And one of the strangest goddesess to be worshiped yearly in this sacred precinct is Miss America.

At first glance this seems to be, under new guise, the ancient worship of Venus. From the line of girls in bathing suits, all smiling the same smile, one is chosen who especially represents the goddess. But the goddess is not Venus. Like many of Frazer's feasts, this one has been deepened in meaning by the devotion it calls forth every year. The young, innocent girl has become a profoundly meaningful symbol of America, and an embodiment of our own bitch goddess—Success. This festival began as a simple beauty contest, a frank excuse for ogling. There was once a stock magazine cartoon which ridiculed the fat and balding judges' pose of scientific objectivity. But as the rite grew, it became respectable.

A sure indication of America's mentality is the way we choose to make a thing respectable. A process that begins with simple puritan hypocrisy involves, at last, the other aspects of our puritan creed. The superficial qualities which make these girls our goddesses—"talent," "freshness," "innocence"—are simply things they use to achieve the one thing necessary: Success. This is still the mark of the Lord's favor, and it makes our yearly rite truly religious. We have an Alger girl myth in *Queen for a Day* and Miss America.

The candidates for Miss America all attributed their success to their own and their supporters' work and prayer. The elaborately tuxedoed MC announced that we were "paying tribute" to such qualities. The judges were ridiculously respectable, like the president of Sweet Briar College, or symbols of self-made success, like the president of Columbia recordings.

I SAW this year's two-hour ritual in a neighborhood bar. The clientele, sane, sensual workingmen—men who like to look but hate to listen—usually throw only occasional incense to the altar above the bar; most of the time they are too interested in the healthy sports of conversing and cursing even to know for sure which are the good guys in the gun battles. But the Miss America ritual reduced them to silence; the only words spoken were in commentary on the great text. Awe of these Amazons of culchoor was apparent in all of them. When it was announced that a clumsy ballerina was responsible for her own choreography, one bar-fly breathed a respectful "That done it." The opinions of one of the contestants on modern education were received with reverence; success gives one authority on any subject.

Several times the basic sanity of the men broke through the hush and hypnotic trance of the performance. When voting time came, one fellow made book at the end of the bar; but everyone had been so plastic to

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the program's magic that he lost money. Mechanically, by the telepathy of ritual, each bettor knew the winner. Another flash of common sense came when a contestant was asked what she considered the major fault of American men. She mumbled something harmless about a lessening of chivalry, but one answer came in chorus from the bar: "Drinking!" The whole evening suggests another answer. The trouble with Mr. America is all the things symbolized that night by Miss America.

Movies

The End of the Road?

ROBERT PHELPS

IT'S FINALLY October; the drive-ins are closing; and until spring, teenagers will have to find somewhere else to eat their frozen pizzas and do their smooching. Neither teen-aged nor much of a movie-smoocher myself, I nonetheless attended the final night of the season at one of our local drive-ins recently, and on my way home stopped at my favorite pub, the Flying Fish, for a beer. There I had the poor taste to complain so loudly at the way I had just spent my evening that the bartender finally asked me why the hell I kept on going to movies, anyway.

I argued for an hour—being uninclined by temperament not to try justifying even my tritest velleities; but the upshot was that I had no answer. Years ago, I would have said I liked movie stars. Later on, I would have boasted an interest in film technique. More recently, I would simply have pleaded a frankly *voyeur* interest in watching human faces. But after the past summer, during which I have lapsed into a movie seat almost every night, and with the exception of *God's Little Acre*, have seen, I believe, everything released for national distribution, including *A Certain Smile*, I found I could not defend myself.

The movie I had just come away from was *The Key*, and though directed by Carol Reed and containing some exciting shots of fighting ships at sea, it had been phoney, distasteful and thoroughly unaccomplished. A succession of tug captains, engaged in especially hazardous rescue operations during World War II, solaced their nerves when off duty with a certain girl. They did this in single file, so to speak, each having the girl all to himself until he was killed. Then, by way of an alternate key to her flat which he had providentially passed on, one of his buddies would take over.

Handled as bread-and-butter human reality, this might have been credible, if improbably tidy. After all, it is not unknown for sailors to shack up wherever a little tenderness is to be had. But trust Hollywood to want to finger any form of adultery and at the same time keep its hands lysol-clean. Usually the strategy is the good old "Wages of sin are death." But in *The Key*, the all too human story is smothered with hints that the lady with so many different men's coats in her closet is not just an amiable wench, but something mysteriously transcendent and archetypal — the Eternal Feminine, maybe, or Mother Eve, or even the Fertility Principle; in any case, someone even an English professor could safely write about, so that William Holden and Trevor Howard can make love to Sophia Loren, and the Production Code will not frown any more than it could at Robert Graves praising the White Goddess.

But *The Key* is no exception. In spite of a young man as talented as Stanley Kubrick, of whom so many are hoping so much just now, or of the rare non-Hollywood film like Fellini's *Cabiria* (which, after all, is not great, but only scrupulously imaginative and heartfelt), the Decline of Movies has come and gone. The possibility of anything risked, felt, needed, or more than efficient and fabricated getting through the barriers of commercial production any more is hardly more than theoretical.

I was particularly struck by this

Random Notes

Often a number of publishers seem to get the same idea at the same time. This season several books on two very different Roosevelts will be coming out. On Eleanor (her 75th birthday): *On My Own*, by the lady herself (Harper); *Mrs. R.*, by Alfred Steinberg (Putnam); *Eleanor Roosevelt: Her Life in Pictures* (Duell). On Theodore (the 100th anniversary of his birth): *Seven Worlds of Theodore Roosevelt*, by Edward Wagenknecht (Longmans); *The Life and Times of Theodore Roosevelt*, by Stefan Lorant (Doubleday); *T. R., Champion of the Strenuous Life*, edited by W. G. Johnston (Farrar); and from Scribner a reissue of his *Autobiography*. James Burnham will review the series on Eleanor Roosevelt; John Chamberlain, the series on Theodore.

Note on the progress of education in the mid-twentieth century: Columbia University Press reports: "When our Fall, 1958, catalogue came in, we asked a clerk to send a copy to every author in it. We just got back from England the one that had been sent to Edmund Burke, . . . marked 'Deceased 9th July, 1797.'"

Erratum upon an erratum! Having inadvertently omitted mention of *The Story of American Yachting* from Aries' article on sailing in our issue of July 19, we attempted to make a correction, only to attribute the book to the wrong publisher. Not Abelard-Schuman, but Appleton-Century are the publishers—to whom our double apologies.

realization when I read an unproduced film script about Gauguin by the late James Agee a few weeks ago. It dramatized some of the basic human emotions with such canniness, economy, reverence and unarty resourcefulness (incidentally showing how much can still be done with the technique of film-making by a man who knows how) that 1) I am sure it will never be produced, and 2) I am not sure this is an altogether outrageous thing. In fact, since reading it, I have been wondering if the best way to make a movie from now on may not be to write a script which, like Agee's, actually amounts to a narrative of what it will look like on the screen, and then just publish it in book form, and forget about realizing it for the eye.

This, anyway, is what I finally ended up arguing at the Flying Fish the other night. But the bartender told me I was getting drunk, and sent me on home.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Some Best-Sellers

ANATOMY OF A MURDER, by Robert Traver (St. Martin's, $4.50). One may say what one likes (provided one says less than Dwight Macdonald said) about James Gould Cozzens' *By Love Possessed*: but its replacement by *Anatomy of a Murder* as number one fiction best-seller is an act of presumption toward which the world of letters should have shown a greater resentment. *Anatomy* is the worst book I can remember having read. (There are worse ones, of course, but, mercifully, the fact of their existence, like that of hell, is an act of faith, and therefore impalpable.) The author is a practicing judge who dabbles with literature on the side (I suspect he would have ordered the electric chair for any writer who came before his bench having done to the law what His Honor has done to literature), and evidently will make a fortune out of it. The story is about the trial of a man who shoots another man who raped the first man's wife, and was he or was he not temporarily insane under Michigan law? To find the answer, literary deduction is in order. ("I was now convinced that Barney Quill had been waiting for the lieutenant; that he had deliberately relieved his bartender not only to get him out of the way of the anticipated showdown but also to in turn warn Barney and further so that he, Barney, could get behind the bar himself. [Out of context? Yeah? All right: we'll go on.] It had been his fortress. Then by buying drinks he had further surrounded himself with an unwitting protective human cordon —all but at the waitresses' service station, which customers were everywhere supposed not to occupy.") The pace is slow, the writing execrable, the plot tortured, the suspense factitious, the price, would you believe it, double that of a book by Agatha Christie or Erle Stanley Gardner.

W. F. BUCKLEY JR.

THE KING MUST DIE, by Mary Renault (Pantheon, $4.50) is the story of the legendary Theseus, who, though heir to the nascent kingdom of Athens, went off to Crete with the fifteen young Athenians who every year were tearfully yielded up to die a bloody death in Crete, to sate the bloodlust of the Minotaur. Miss Renault on Greece has been compared to Robert Graves on Rome. But she is even better, more light-footed, self-effacing; and she writes about the most innocent, the most enchanting age in history. Mary Renault is as much a part of ancient Greece as Helen Waddell is a part of the Middle Ages; and she evokes her period with equal skill. She has the total sensual perception to distinguish, and the poetic skill to make readily distinguishable, the generative matrix of everything in Grecian life—the religion, the sport, the love, the wine, the discourse, the battle: and clearly she loves beauty as the Greeks did, with all her heart and mind. Miss Renault accepts the discipline proper to one who writes a historical novel. Her imagery is that of the period: in this case confined to the rudimentary properties of sight and taste and smell that were Homer's only tools. And look what she has done! In the mountain of work of the sprawling, uninhibited writers of what Clifton Fadiman aptly calls the Unedited Generation there is not the evocative power of one of Mary Renault's finished paragraphs.

W. F. BUCKLEY JR.

THREE'S COMPANY, by Alfred Duggan (Coward McCann, $3.95). In the smaller world of Marcus Aemilius Lepidus, men at the "summit" traveled by litter or horse instead of jet plane—but their jockeying for power, their treacheries and political intrigues, as shown in this skillful novel, are full of parallels to the present. "Is there no middle ground, anywhere in the world?" asked the young Lepidus in a kind of bewilderment echoed today. "Must we all submit to the tyranny of Pompeius, or else draw our swords against him?" The history of the civil wars of ancient Rome is traced through the rise and decline of the patrician Lepidus, who started his career as praetor of a free city and commander of Caesar's legions in Spain; then—as one of the triumvirate who ruled after Caesar was murdered—became more and more an opportunist and appeaser in his role of respectable "front man" for the dictatorship of Mark Anthony and Octavius. Mr. Duggan's work is above the average of the historical novel; he is immensely learned but not stuffily so. M. WOOD

THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING, by T. H. White (Putnam, $4.95). This nauseating mélange of "psychology," archness and pseudo-history, served up as a retelling of the noble and tragic legend of Arthur, relates to the grand visions of Malory and Tennyson and Charles Williams as the violence of Spillane does to the violence of Shakespeare and Byron and *Murder in the Cathedral*. To be avoided by all who love Arthur and his Table.

F. S. MEYER

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To the Editor

A Former Briton on Notting Hill

As a British immigrant to the United States, may I thank you for the article "Mayhem at Notting Hill" [September 27] by Mr. Colm Brogan, whose writings I have sadly missed reading regularly. Several of my correspondents from home have chided me for having chosen to pay allegiance to the same flag as the rioters in Little Rock. Now, the terrible excesses perpetrated on Notting Hill have shown that a moderate and civilized people will behave atypically—in this case, violently—if its normal pattern of living is disrupted. I deplore Notting Hill and pray that its lesson will be so clearly understood as to forbid its repetition.

Portland, Ore. WILLIAM P. PRESCOTT

I cannot go along with Mr. Brogan's statement that the "respectable people of Notting Hill" sided with the hooligans during the race riots. However difficult the immigrants made it for the established tenants to protect the wavering social standing of their area, respectable people cease to be respectable when they condone violence. . . .

Chicago, Ill. EVERETT Q. HOUSEMAN

Mr. Kamp Speaks for Himself

There is one untrue belittling statement in your editorial ["Reuther Proves a Point," Sept. 27] that I would like to correct. I did not get in touch with Mrs. Knowland and volunteer to raise money to distribute my booklet, as you stated. Mrs. Knowland wrote me that so little had been contributed to Senator Knowland's campaign that it was necessary for her to spend her own funds for booklets, postage, letters, etc. As a result, I sent her thousands of booklets without charge, and strictly on my own responsibility, and without the knowledge or "encouragement" of Mrs. Knowland, I suggested to some of my friends, and others, that if they could help her I knew it would be appreciated. I collected no money; contributions were sent directly to Mrs. Knowland at her home in Piedmont, Cal.

I appreciate your having called attention to the fact that I went to jail for doing something the Supreme Court later held I had a right to do. But there is a much greater significance to my "contempt" conviction than the fact that I was legally right.

My conviction resulted from my refusal to give a congressional committee the names of contributors to a campaign against Communism, names which the committee was demanding at the instigation of John Abt, who headed the original Communist spy ring in the Government in Washington . . . At the time of this hearing, Soviet agent Abt was representing CIO-PAC, the political action machine which he founded and masterminded, and which Walter Reuther is now using in his attempt to capture California, the Congress, and the Presidency, by proxy.

I would also like to comment on your observation that "We do not happen to go for Kamp's mode of argument (and we have not studied his career)." If you had studied my career I dare say you would not have felt it necessary to make this remark . . . I am satisfied that my methods—telling the whole truth about the enemies of our country and its institutions—are right and proper. That my methods are effective is evidenced by the bitter, vicious and lying attacks that have been and are being made against me right now by the whole infuriated Left.

Westport, Conn. JOSEPH P. KAMP

Surrender by Stages

I wish to commend James Burnham's Third World War column, "Nuclear Madness," in your issue of September 13. President Eisenhower while supreme commander in Europe held back our troops and enabled the Russians to capture Berlin, when the Germans wanted to surrender to our country. President Roosevelt cleared the way for the Russians to take over East Germany, Poland, Hungary, Rumania and other nations, and President Truman's subordinates in the State Department

manipulated the seizure or control of China by the Communists.

The Soviet demand that we stop the testing of nuclear weapons is not made because of any regard for fallout but to stop our progress in national defense. President Eisenhower of all people should know that the Soviet desire for peace is completely phoney . . .

One way or another, our government seems to do things that help the Communists and there are no vibrant voices of senators or of retired military leaders raised in complaint.

Des Moines, Iowa PLATO

President Wheeler

I am constantly accused by my friends of wanting too much of a good thing. So be it. "A Fable" [September 27] by Peter Crumpet was the most cheerful article which NATIONAL REVIEW has allowed me to read in many a month. The world being what it is and our leaders what —and who—they are, I suggest that the REVIEW institute a regular series in the interest of readers' therapy entitled "Willmoore Wheeler Takes Over At ————————." As starters Mr. Crumpet might sketch Mr. (or Dr.) Wheeler's career as President of Harvard, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and Secretary General of the United Nations—wherever it may meet now that President Wheeler has expelled it from the United States.

New York City MARTHA BEEZLEY

. . . may I add my thanks to those which I know you have received for Peter Crumpet's glorious "Fable." . . .

Butte, Mont. J. P. BROWN

Know Thy Freudian Self

Eleanor Mellichamp Smith ("Let's Get Freud," Aug. 30) demonstrates such a total lack of understanding of basic psychoanalytic theory that it seems foolish to allow ourself to be irritated by her poem. It was surely not Freud's intention to teach men to let their instincts take control, but rather to enable the individual to *become aware* of the causes of immature, uncontrolled and repetitive behavior patterns and thus, eventually, free himself from them. . . .

New York City HEIDI HOENIGSBERG

THE IVORY TOWER

(*Continued from p. 245*)

ing. It is a leavetaking the coldness of which chills the mind, if one recalls that when all is said and done, Father Halton labored—clumsily, if one wants the hypothetical concession repeated—for the recognition of God's right to His place in Heaven; and for a wider apprehension of the fact that the struggle for the world is a struggle, essentially, by those who mean to unseat Him.

In human terms, the answer to the question why is Father Halton being dealt with so harshly cannot, I think, by human beings, be comprehended. Intellectually, the answer must lie in the distinctive bitterness with which we turn on those who finger deeply hidden weaknesses. *Ce n'est que la vérité que blesse.* Surveying the scene at Princeton—the ritual and the life, the theory and the practice, the aims and the realizations—Father Halton proclaimed a philosophical imposture. None who take part in the imposture will rest until he is gone; nor do less than their utmost to discourage the recurrence of such horrifying insights.

MR. GALBRAITH

(*Continued from p. 239*)

circumstances, would be nearly as high as the normal wage. The intention is good. But Professor Galbraith should examine the experience of Britain in the inter-war years, when unemployment compensation was nearly as high as the normal wage. There was not much deliberate avoidance of work. But men developed a remarkable lack of initiative in looking for work, or in taking up new jobs if their old ones became redundant. Professor Galbraith himself does not seem to be under any illusion about human nature on this score, or about the sin of sloth, which in the Christian teaching is one of the seven deadly sins, as also is the sin of avarice. "We have featherbedding unions and gold-bricking workmen and slothful supernumeraries everywhere. The ancient art of evading work has been carried in our time to its highest level of sophistication . . . in the universities its practice has the standing of a scholarly rite . . . the art of genteel and elaborately concealed idleness may well reach its highest development in the upper executive reaches of the modern corporation."

In face of these sad but undoubted truths, is not Professor Galbraith afraid that his "new class," his graduated unemployment compensation and his protected monopolies will soon degenerate into a world in which there are as many idlers as there are men working to support them?

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(Signed) William A. Rusher
Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1958.

(Signed) Edna MacKenzie
(My Commission expires March 30, 1960)